

PETER WEISS

MARAT/SADE

The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as performed
by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under
the direction of the Marquis de Sade

STUDENTS' EDITION



MARAT/SADE

PETER WEISS

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This powerful and savage play, the climactic expression of Artaud's 'Theatre of Cruelty', combines Sadeian philosophy and the discipline of verse with a range of theatrical shock techniques. No play by a German since Brecht has enjoyed the success of MARAT/SADE, and its author, Peter Weiss, was one of the most remarkable of the post-war generation of German writers. This English version by Geoffrey Skelton and Adrian Mitchell was the text used in Peter Brook's brilliant production for the Royal Shakespeare Company, and the play has also been produced all over the world by outstanding directors.

This edition is accompanied by an new introduction for students written by Gill Lamden, joint co-ordinator of performing arts at Varndean College, Brighton. She is also the author of *Devising*, a handbook for drama and Theatre students.

Peter Weiss was born in Berlin in 1916 and settled in Sweden. As well as directing many films in Sweden, he was a well-known painter and theatrical and operatic producer. He died in 1982. His play *The Investigation* is also available from Marion Boyars Publishers.

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THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION
OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES
OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE

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MARAT/SADE

A Students' Introduction by Gill Lamden

The World of the Play

Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* is a play within a play. It is gory and violent and visually shocking while presenting a complex and challenging set of ideas. The year is 1808. The action takes place in a French asylum 'for the socially impossible', according to Peter Weiss in his notes on the historical background to the play (see page 112), 'the moral rejects of civilised society'. An inmate, the Marquis de Sade, has written a play to be performed by himself and the other inmates before an invited audience that includes Coulmier, director of Charenton, together with his wife and daughter. Sade's play is set in 1793, fifteen years earlier, during the bloodiest part of the French Revolution: the Terror. The subject is the assassination of revolutionary thinker and leader Jean-Paul Marat by Charlotte Corday.

Historical Context

The French Revolution was fuelled by a new ideology of freedom and independence developing against a stranglehold of church and monarchy. Its first success was the storming of the Bastille in Paris on July 14, 1789. As the French people rose up against their former rulers, an ordered system of trials and executions was established. Between 1793 and 1794, however, with economic pressure and political turmoil in Paris growing, factions developed between opposing revolutionary groups, including the Girondists, over whom the more radical Jacobins triumphed. The outcome was an increase in executions of anyone thought to be a counter-revolutionary. During the Terror thousands of alleged counter-revolutionaries and aristocrats were executed. In 1794 the Jacobins were overthrown by a more moderate Directory – after which many radical and egalitarian policies were introduced, both before and after Napoleon's appointment as First Consul in 1799 and de facto ruler of the first French Republic. By the time of the play, 1808, France had taken great steps towards becoming a more stable and modern society. As Coulmier boasts during the course of Sade's re-enactment of Marat's

death: 'We're citizens of a new enlightened age' (page 51). Through the action and arguments of *Marat/Sade*, Peter Weiss reveals how this assurance can be emptier than it seems.

Sade and Marat

Throughout the play Peter Weiss pits the desires of the individual against the collective needs of the revolution as a means of obtaining personal freedom. To establish this conflict, Weiss presents the opposing opinions of two key eighteenth-century figures: the Marquis de Sade, known for his depravity, and Jean-Paul Marat, who advocated the violent overthrow of an unjust society. Although the play's narrative advances chronologically through a series of individually titled episodes or scenes, these scenes are punctuated by discussions between Sade and Marat arguing the strength of their respective philosophies. Since Marat is also a character appearing in Sade's play, this means that they are arguing across the historical divide between 1793, the year in which Sade's play takes place, and 1808, the setting of Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*. The two characters have certain things in common. Sade observes that both men 'advocated force' (page 107). Sade also identifies with Marat as an extremist:

*For you just as for me
only the most extreme actions matter*
(page 35)

However, the outcomes are different. Sade is an individualist. 'I believe only in myself,' he announces (page 49):

*For me the only reality is imagination
the world inside myself*
(page 42)

He seeks transformation through experiencing extreme sensations brought about by pushing back the boundaries of sexual exploration and pain:

*Man is a destroyer
but if he kills and takes no pleasure in it,
then he is a machine*
(page 32-33)

agitator

Meanwhile Marat demands a radical change in the structure of human society. As Roux, the rabble-rousing priest, observes:

*...you came one day to the Revolution
because you saw the most important vision
that our circumstances must be changed
fundamentally
and without these changes
everything we try to do must fail*
(page 77)

The changes Marat is seeking are absolute:

*The important thing
is to pull yourself up by your own hair
to turn yourself inside out
and see the whole world with fresh eyes*
(page 35)

However, where Marat believes in changing society through the 'axes and knives' of bloody revolution, Sade wants to turn inwards: to 'submerge in his imagination/seeking a personal annihilation' (page 107).

Staging/Interpretation

Peter Weiss's text does not give any answers. Nor does Sade's own play:

*...for me the last word can never be spoken
I am left with a question that is always open*
(page 107)

In both cases the spectators are invited to make up their own minds. A directorial interpretation of *Marat/Sade* would, of course, guide them towards a specific reading. For example, Peter Brook's 1967 film production ended with the inmates taking control of the asylum while the invited audience climbed bars to get a better view of the rape and violence as Sade laughed with pleasure. Other productions, however, could be more neutral. While dialogue is used to examine whose approach to the central arguments is right, other themes, such as pain, desire, inspiration and the human condition, are explored through a variety of devices that push and pull the audience through a range of perspectives.

There is consequently the potential for a very strong visual emphasis on character and action, with detailed attention to gesture and placing of groups to make physical meaning of relationships and attitudes. The juxtaposing of inmates afflicted by differing mental and physical illnesses constantly challenges the audience's sense of what it is to be normal. For example, the 'erotomaniac' Dupret attempts to fondle the girl with sleeping sickness who plays Corday while they speak their carefully rehearsed lines.

There are also those who are not ill at all, but whose views simply do not fit in with 'civilised society'. Jacques Roux, the priest, appears articulate and persuasive but is shouted down by Coulmier for expressing pacifist principles at a time when France is looking for soldiers to fight:

*This is outright pacifism
At this very moment our soldiers are laying
down their lives
for the freedom of the world and for our
freedom
(page 53)*

The vulnerable and twitching Patients are contrasted sharply with the violent controlling Nurses who enforce the rules laid down by Coulmier, the asylum director, who continually intervenes, 'as the voice of reason' (page 21) between the audience and the performers. Speaking for and

against the established order of France's Second Republic, both Marat and Sade eloquently express ideologies that have a violent outcome – the connection between the intellect and the visceral is incarnated in the play's bloody and brutal action.

Peter Weiss and Dramatic Practice

As a playwright Peter Weiss was concerned to explore and experiment, to draw on different genres and forms to achieve a powerful dramatic impact. He drew on contemporary dramatic practice and writing and had read Antonin Artaud (1896–1948) on the Theatre of Cruelty as well as Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956) on Epic Theatre. Although Artaud and Brecht seem diametrically opposed in aim and methodology – Brecht seeking coolness and clarity, while Artaud favoured an emotional, transforming onslaught – Weiss's play brings their theories into close proximity.

Where Brecht believed in the Marxist ideal that society should change through revolution, Artaud thought that change could be forced upon society through theatrical transformation. For him, the extremities of emotions experienced by actors and communicated to the audience would result in a process whereby the superficial ways in which people experienced life would be replaced by a more profound capacity for sorrow and joy and thus different, more honest relationships between members of society.

Artaud's life was a struggle in every way. A struggle for sanity, a struggle against drug addiction and, above all, a struggle to find a language that could express the actual processes of living. In searching for a means of expression, he recognised the inadequacy of verbal language to express the nature and experience of living. Theatre was the double of life; the emotions experienced there should be more intense than living. He called it 'The Theatre of Cruelty'.

By 'cruelty' Artaud meant the physical evocation of emotion and, associated with this, the discipline and endeavour of both actors and audience in creating and experiencing this emotion. In his writing he stressed the prime importance of the body's concrete physical language over verbal language and abstract thought. He believed that visual and poetic imagery could reach directly into the well of human experience

and result in truths deeper and more fundamental to the experience of living than rational processes allowed. To this end he envisaged a theatre that would act directly and physically on the audience's emotions, a spiritual force that started in the senses and transcended reality. This theatre was to be a religious experience drawing heavily on ritual. Artaud advocated that a number of additional elements should be used in the realisation of drama. These included oscillating lights, new and unusual musical instruments with live sound if possible, ceremonial costumes made from sensuous materials, seating the audience in the centre of the action and the use of ritualistic movements, cries and shrieks, together with other extreme variations on vocal technique.

If Artaud is fire and passion, then Brecht is reason. He, too, wanted to change the world, but envisaged this happening through a Marxist revolution. In his plays he wanted to show the familiar in an unfamiliar way so the audience would recognise the inequities of the economic system in which they lived. He developed a technique called 'Epic Theatre'; this was narrative-based, and used a multitude of distancing or 'alienation' techniques to engage the audience in cool, critical thought about action on stage rather than emotional involvement. The plays have an episodic structure, utilising a montage framework with each scene introduced by titles so that the emphasis is not on what happens, as in more traditional forms of theatre, but on how it happens. Songs break up the action and remain separate from it, rather than pretending to be part of the reality. Humorous devices, exemplified in *Marat/Sade* by the performers' use of a human head as football, invite the audience to laugh at events that should normally be taken seriously. Such effects are geared towards making the audience reflect on the action and draw conclusions.

Weiss's *Marat/Sade* is a play that appeals to the intellect and the senses. The spoken text follows a Brechtian 'Epic' structure, its main focus on telling the story which is fully elucidated by tangential scenes in which Sade and Marat clarify their positions through intellectual discourse. Devices to distance the audience from the action are peppered throughout the play: for example, in the way Coulmier, The Herald and the other characters address the audience directly, the insertion of scene titles, the songs, the carefully posed tableaux. All of these serve to

demonstrate how the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday came to pass.

At the same time, a darker, less coherent force is loose in Weiss's play. It is manifested in the world of the Charenton asylum and the unpredictability of its inmates, articulated through their gestures and responses, through the music and sounds, through the subversive anarchy of The Herald's response. The inmates of Charenton are there because they are socially unacceptable: they threaten the civilised and ordered nature of society. On one level a Brechtian order is imposed, but it is in conflict with a far more dangerous and irrational force, one that Artaud, who had spent many years as an inmate in various asylums, would have fully understood.

In 1964 Peter Weiss (1916–1982) gained an international reputation with the production of the *Marat/Sade* at the Schiller Theatre in Berlin. However, it was Peter Brook's 1964 production of the play at the Aldwych Theatre in London that established it as a watershed in production history. A critic for Time Magazine described the performance as 'a hypodermic needle plunged directly into the playgoer's emotional bloodstream. It hypnotises the eye and bruises the ear. It shreds the nerves; it vivisects the psyche – and it may scare the living daylight out of more than a few playgoers.' According to this individual, at least, it appeared that in his presentation of Weiss's *Marat/Sade* Peter Brook had achieved the aims set out by Artaud in his *Theatre of Cruelty*.

Gill Lamden
September 2001

Gill Lamden is joint co-ordinator of performing arts at Varndean College, Brighton. She is the author of *Devising*, a handbook for drama and theatre students, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

INTRODUCTION

What's the difference between a poor play and a good one? I think there's a very simple way of comparing them. A play in performance is a series of impressions; little dabs, one after another, fragments of information or feeling in a sequence which stir the audience's perceptions. A good play sends many such messages, often several at a time, often crowding, jostling, overlapping one another. The intelligence, the feelings, the memory, the imagination are all stirred. In a poor play, the impressions are well spaced out, they lope along in single file and in the gaps, the heart can sleep while the mind wanders to the day's annoyances and thoughts of dinner.

The whole problem of the theatre today is just this: how can we make plays dense in experience? Great philosophical novels are often far longer than thrillers, more content occupies more pages, but great plays and poor plays fill up evenings of pretty comparable length. Shakespeare seems better in performance than anyone else because he gives us more, moment for moment, for our money. This is due to his genius, but also to his technique. The possibilities of free verse on an open stage enabled him to cut the inessential detail and the irrelevant realistic action: in their place he could cram sounds and ideas, thoughts and images which make each instant into a stunning mobile.

Today we are searching for a twentieth-century technique that could give us the same freedom. For strange reasons, verse alone no longer does the trick: yet there is a device, Brecht invented it, a new device of quite incredible power. This is what has been uncouthly labelled 'alienation'.

Alienation is the art of placing an action at a distance so that it can be judged objectively and so that it can be seen in relation to the world—or

rather, worlds—around it. Peter Weiss's play is a great tribute to alienation and breaks important new ground. Brecht's use of 'distance' has long been considered in opposition to Artaud's conception of theatre as immediate and violent subjective experience. I have never believed this to be true. I believe that theatre, like life, is made up of the unbroken conflict between impressions and judgments—illusion and disillusion cohabit painfully and are inseparable. This is just what Weiss achieves. Starting with its title, everything about this play is designed to crack the spectator on the jaw, then douse him with ice-cold water, then force him to assess intelligently what has happened to him, then give him a kick in the balls, then bring him back to his senses again. It's not exactly Brecht and it's not Shakespeare either but it's very Elizabethan and very much of our time.

Weiss not only uses total theatre, that time-honoured notion of getting all the elements of the stage to serve the play. His force is not only in the quantity of instruments he uses; it is above all in the jangle produced by the clash of styles. Everything is put in its place by its neighbour—the serious by the comic, the noble by the popular, the literary by the crude, the intellectual by the physical: the abstraction is vivified by the stage image, the violence illuminated by the cool flow of thought. The strands of meaning of the play pass to and fro through its structure and the result is a very complex form: like in Genet it is a hall of mirrors or a corridor of echoes—and one must keep looking front and back all the time to reach the author's sense.

One of the London critics attacked the play on the ground that it was a fashionable mixture of all the best theatrical ingredients around—Brechtian—didactic—absurdist—Theatre of Cruelty. He said this to disparage but I repeat this as praise. Weiss saw the use of every one of these idioms and he saw that he needed them all. His assimilation was complete. An undigested set of influences leads to a blur: Weiss's play is strong, its central conception startlingly original, its silhouette sharp and unmistakable. From our practical experience I can report that the force of the performance is directly related to the imaginative richness of the material: the imaginative richness is the consequence of the amount of levels that are working simultaneously: this simultaneity is the direct

result of Weiss's daring combination of so many contradictory techniques.

Is the play political? Weiss says it is Marxist and this has been much discussed. Certainly it is not polemical in the sense that it does not prove a case nor draw a moral. Certainly, its prismatic structure is such that the last line is not the place to search for the summing-up idea. The idea of the play is the play itself, and this cannot be resolved in a simple slogan. It is firmly on the side of revolutionary change. But it is painfully aware of all the elements in a violent human situation and it presents these to the audience in the form of a painful question.

'The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair
To turn yourself inside out and see the whole world with fresh eyes.'
—Marat

How? someone is bound to ask. Weiss wisely refuses to tell, he forces us to relate opposites and face contradictions. He leaves us raw. He searches for meaning instead of defining one and puts the responsibility of finding the answers back where it properly belongs. Off the dramatist and on to ourselves.

LONDON

1964

PETER BROOK

Royal Shakespeare Company in

**The Persecution and Assassination of Marat
as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum
of Charenton under the Direction of the
Marquis de Sade**

By Peter Weiss
English version by Geoffrey Skelton
Verse adaptation by Adrian Mitchell

M. Coulmier	Clifford Rose
Mlle. Coulmier	Brenda Kempner
Mlle. Coulmier	June Baker
Herald	Ian Richardson
Kokol	Michael Williams
Polpoch	Jonathan Burn
Cucurucu	Freddie Jones
Rosignol	Elizabeth Spriggs
Jacques Roux	Robert Lloyd
Charlotte Corday	Glenda Jackson
Jean Paul Marat	Clive Revill
Simonne Everard	Susan Williamson
Marquis de Sade	Patrick Magee
Duperret	John Seiner
Abbot	Wyn Jones
A mad animal	Morgan Sheppard
Schoolmaster	Timothy West
Mother	Wyn Jones
Father	Henry Woolf
A newly-rich lady	Geoffrey Hensliff
Voltaire	John Harwood
Lavoissier	Leon Lisek
Patients	Mary Allen
	Jennifer Clulow
	Maroussia Frank
	June Jago
	Michael Jenkinson
Nuns	Diana Bishop
Guards	Edward Clayton
	Tamara Furst
	Richard Williams
	Mark Jones
	Caroline Maud
	Lyn Pinkney
	Bryan Stanyon

Patrick Gowers	Musicians
Richard Callinan	Music Director/Harmonium
Michael Gould	Percussion
Nicholas Moes	Trumpet
Rainer Schulein	Guitar/Harmonium
	Flute/Piccolo/Alto Flute

Directed by	Peter Brook
Setting and properties designed by	Sally Jacobs
Associate designer	Elizabeth Duffield
Costumes designed by	Gunilla Palmstierna-Weiss
Lighting by	David Read
Assistant to the director	Malcolm Goddard
Music by	Richard Pearcelee

First performance at the Aldwych Theatre 20th August 1964

**THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF
MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE
ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE**

Drama in two acts by PETER WEISS

CHARACTERS

MARQUIS DE SADE sixty-eight years old, extremely corpulent, gray hair, smooth complexion. He moves heavily, breathes at times with difficulty, as if asthmatic. His clothing is of good quality, but worn. He is wearing white breeches with bows, a wide-sleeved white shirt with ornamental front and lace cuffs and white buckled shoes. in his fiftieth year, suffering from a skin disease. He is draped in a white cloth and has a white bandage round his temples.

JEAN-PAUL MARAT

SIMONNE EVRARD

Marat's mistress, of indeterminate age. The player of the role is wearing a hospital uniform, with an apron and a headcloth. Her posture is crooked, her movements odd and constrained. When she has nothing to do, she stands wringing a cloth in her hands. She seizes every opportunity to change Marat's bandage.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY aged twenty-four. Her clothing consists of a

thin white blouse of Empire cut. The blouse does not conceal the bosom, but she wears a flimsy white cloth over it.

Her long auburn hair hangs down on the right side of her neck. She wears pink leather boots with high heels, and when she is 'on stage' a ribboned hat is tied to her.

She is attended throughout by two sisters, who support her, comb her hair and arrange her clothes. She moves like a somnambulist.

DUPERRET

Girondist Deputy.

The player of the role wears in addition to his hospital shirt a short waistcoat and the smooth tight trousers of an 'Incroyable'. His clothing is also white, with some ornamentation. He is held in the mental home as an erotomaniac, and takes advantage of his role as Corday's lover at every suitable opportunity.

JACQUES ROUX

former priest, radical Socialist.

He wears a white hospital shirt with an overall shaped like a monk's robe. The sleeves of his shirt are tied together in front of him over his hands, and he can move only in the limits of this strait-jacket.

THE FOUR SINGERS KOKOL, Bass POLPOCH, Baritone CUCURUCU, Tenor ROSSIGNOL, Soprano

Part crowd types, part comedians. They have decked out their hospital uniforms with grotesque bits of costume and wear the cap of the revolution. Rossignol, with her tricolour sash and sabre represents the figure of Marianne. They have singing voices and perform in mime.

PATIENTS

as extras, voices, mimes and chorus. According to need they appear either in their white hospital uniforms or in primitive costumes with strong colour contrasts. Any not required

in the play devote themselves to physical exercises. Their presence must set the atmosphere behind the acting area. They make habitual movements, turn in circles, hop, mutter to themselves, wail, scream and so on. wears a harlequin smock over his hospital shirt. His two-pointed cap is hung with bells and spangles. He is draped with numerous instruments with which he can make a noise as necessary.

HERALD

He holds in his hand a beribboned staff.

Inmates of the mental home, clad in white. They play harmonium, lute, flute, trumpet and drums.

MALE NURSES

in light grey uniforms with long white aprons which give them the appearance of butchers. They carry batons in the pockets of their aprons.

SISTERS

also dressed in light grey with long white aprons, starched collars and large white bonnets. They carry rosaries. The sisters are played by athletic-looking men.

COULMIER

Director of the mental home, in elegant light grey clothing, with coat and top hat. He wears pince-nez and carries a walking stick. He likes to adopt a Napoleonic pose.

COULMIER'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER

form a composite pattern of colour from pale mauve to pearl grey, sprinkled with jewels and glittering silver.

ACT ONE

The asylum bell rings behind the stage. The curtain rises.

1. ASSEMBLY

The stage shows the bath hall of the asylum. To right and left bathtubs and showers. Against the back wall a many-tiered platform with benches and massage tables. In the middle area of the stage benches are placed for the actors, sisters and male nurses. The walls are covered with white tiles to a height of about ten feet. There are window openings high up in the side walls. There is a metal framework in front of the platform and around the baths at the sides. Curtains are fixed to each side of the framework before the platform and these can be pulled when the patients are to be hidden. Front stage centre there is a circular acting arena. To the right of it a dais for MARAT's bath, to the left a dais for SADE's chair. Left front a raised tribunal for COULMIER and his FAMILY. On another tribunal right front the musicians stand ready.

SADE is occupied with last-minute preparations for the entry of the actors.

The MALE NURSES are completing a few routine operations of bathing and massage. Patients are sitting or lying on the platform at the back.

SADE gives a sign. Through a side door right back the actors enter, led by COULMIER and his family and escorted by SISTERS and MALE NURSES.

The PATIENTS rise to their feet.

12

The ceremonious procession comes forward. The asylum bell is still tolling.

MARAT, wrapped in a white sheet and accompanied by SIMONNE, is led to the bath.

CORDAY, sunk into herself, is taken to a bench by two sisters.

DUPERRET, ROUX and the FOUR SINGERS take up their positions as COULMIER reaches the stage. The HERALD stands in the middle of the stage. SADE stands near his raised chair. The tolling of the bell ceases.

The procession moves towards the acting area.

COULMIER enters the acting area.

The PATIENTS in the background stand tensely. One of them adopts an eccentric pose, another comes slowly forward with outstretched arms.

FANFARE.

2. PROLOGUE

COULMIER:

As Director of the Clinic of Charenton I would like to welcome you to this salon To one of our residents a vote of thanks is due Monsieur de Sade who wrote and has produced this play for your delectation and for our patients' rehabilitation We ask your kindly indulgence for a cast never on stage before

coming to Charenton But each inmate I can assure you will try to pull his weight We're modern enlightened and we don't agree with locking up patients We prefer therapy through education and especially art so that our hospital may play its part faithfully, following according to our lights the Declaration of Human Rights

I agree with our author Monsieur de Sade

13

that his play set in our modern bath house won't be marred by all these instruments for mental and physical hygiene

Quite on the contrary they set the scene For in Monsieur de Sade's play he has tried to show how Jean-Paul Marat died and how he waited in his bath before Charlotte Corday came knocking at his door

3. PREPARATION

HERALD *knocks three times with his staff and gives the orchestra a sign.*

Ceremonious music begins.

COULMIER *moves to his FAMILY.*

SADÉ *mounts his dais.*

MARAT *is placed in his bath. SIMONNE puts his bandage straight.*

The SISTERS arrange CORDAY's costume.

The GROUP assumes the pose of a heroic tableau.

4. PRESENTATION

The music stops.

[Herald knocks three times with his staff]

HERALD: Already seated in his place here is Marat observe his face
[points his staff at MARAT]
Fifty years old and not yet dead he wears a bandage around his head
[points staff at bandage]
His flesh burns it is yellow as cheese
[points at his neck]
because disfigured by a skin disease
And only water cooling every limb
[points to bath]

prevents his fever from consuming him

[MARAT takes his pen and begins to write]

To act this most important role we chose a lucky paranoic one of those

who've made unprecedented strides since we introduced them to hydrotherapy

The lady who is acting as his nurse

[points at SIMONNE. She bends with a jerky movement over MARAT, loosens his bandage and pulls on a new one]

whose touch certainly makes him no worse

is Simonne Evrard not Charlotte Corday

Marat and Evrard united one day

They shared one vision of the just and true

and furthermore they shared her money too

Here's Charlotte Corday waiting for her entry

[points to CORDAY who smooths her clothes and ties her neckcloth]

She comes from Caen her family landed gentry

Her dress is pretty shoes chic and you'll note

she readjusts the cloth around her throat

[points at it. CORDAY adjusts it]

Historians agree so it's not lewd in us

to say that she's phenomenally pulchritudinous

[She draws herself up]

Unfortunately the girl who plays the role here

has sleeping sickness also melancholia

Our hope must be for this afflicted soul

[With closed eyes, she inclines her head far backwards]

that she does not forget her role

[with emphasis, turning to CORDAY]

Ah here comes Monsieur Duperret

[indicates DUPERRET]

with silken hose and fresh toupee

To the Revolution's murderous insanity
he brings a touch of high urbanity
Though as a well-known Girondist
his name's upon Marat's black list
he's handsome cheerful full of zest
and needs more watching than the rest

[DUPERRET approaches CORDAY, paving her
furtively. The HERALD raps him on the hand
with his staff. A SISTER pulls back
DUPERRET.]

Jailed for taking a radical view
of anything you can name the former priest
Jacques Roux

[Indicates Roux who pushes out his elbows and
raises his head]

Ally of Marat's revolution but
unfortunately the censor's cut
most of his rabble-rousing theme
Our moral guardians found it too extreme

ROUX:

Liberty

[opens his mouth and pushes his elbows out
vigorously.]

COULMIER raises his forefinger threateningly.]

HERALD:

Ladies and gentlemen our players
are drawn from many social layers

[He waves his staff over the audience and the
group of actors]

Our singers for example of these four
each must be classified as bottom drawer
But now they've left the alcoholic mists
of slums and gin cellars our vocalists

[points to the FOUR SINGERS]

Cucurucu Polpoch Kokol
and on the streets no longer Rossignol

[Each named changes his pose with a studied
bow, ROSSIGNOL curtsies.]

Now meet this gentleman from high society
[points at SADE who turns his back on the
public in a bored way]

who under the lurid star of notoriety
came to live with us just five years ago
It's to his genius that we owe this show
The former Marquis Monsieur de Sade
whose books were banned his essays barred
while he's been persecuted and reviled
thrown into jail and for some years exiled
The introduction's over now the play
of Jean-Paul Marat can get under way
Tonight the date
is the thirteenth of July eighteen-o-eight
And on this night our cast intend
showing how fifteen years ago night without
end

fell on that man that invalid

[points at MARAT]

And you are going to see him bleed

[points at MARAT's breast]

and see this woman after careful thought

[points at CORDAY]

take up the dagger and cut him short

Homage to Marat

[Music starts. CORDAY is led by the SISTERS
from the arena to a bench in the background.]

SIMONNE seats herself on the edge of the dais
behind MARAT's bath. SADE goes to his seat
and sits down. ROUX and DUPERRET with-
draw to a bench.]

[The FOUR SINGERS take their position for the
homage to MARAT]

5. HOMAGE TO MARAT

KOKOL &
POLPOCH:

[*Recitative*]

Four years after the Revolution
and the old king's execution
four years after remember how
those courtiers took their final bow
[*singing in the background*]
String up every aristocrat

CHORUS:

Out with the priests and let them live on their
fat

CUCURUCU &

[*Recitative*]

Four years after we started fighting
Marat keeps on with his writing
Four years after the Bastille fell
he still recalls the old battle yell

CHORUS:

[*singing in the background*]

Down with all of the ruling class
Throw all the generals out on their arse
Long live the Revolution

ROUX:

[*The FOUR SINGERS and other PATIENTS form
an adoring group around the bath. A wreath of
leaves is held up.*]

PATIENT:

[*in background*]

Marat we won't dig our own bloody graves

PATIENT:

[*in background*]

Marat we've got to be clothed and fed

PATIENT:

[*in background*]

Marat we're sick of working like slaves

PATIENT:

[*in background*]

Marat we've got to have cheaper bread

KOKOL:

[*indicating wreath*]

We crown you with these leaves Marat
because of the laurel shortage
The laurels all went to decorate

academics generals and heads of state
And their heads are enormous

[*The wreath is placed on MARAT's head, he is
lifted from the bath and carried on the shoulders
of two patients.*]

CHORUS:

Good old Marat

By your side we'll stand or fall

You're the only one that we can trust at all

[*MARAT is carried around the arena. SIMONNE
walks beside him looking up to him anxiously.*]

*The FOUR SINGERS and the PATIENTS in the
procession carry out studied gestures of homage.*]

ROSSIGNOL:

[*naively, taking the play seriously*]

Don't scratch your scabs or they'll never get
any better

FOUR

[*Song*]

SINGERS:

Four years he fought and he fought unafraid
sniffing down traitors by traitors betrayed
Marat in the courtroom Marat underground
sometimes the otter and sometimes the hound

Fighting all the gentry and fighting every priest
businessman the bourgeois the military beast
Marat always ready to stifle every scheme
of the sons of the arse-licking dying regime

We've got new generals our leaders are new
They sit and they argue and all that they do
is sell their own colleagues and ride on their
backs

and jail them and break them or give them all
the axe

Screaming in language no man understands
of rights that we grabbed with our own bleed-
ing hands

when we wiped out the bosses and stormed through the wall

of the prison they told us would outlast us all
Marat we're poor and the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait any more
We want our rights and we don't care how
We want our revolution NOW

CHORUS &
FOUR
SINGERS:

[MARAT is ceremoniously placed back in the bath. The wreath is taken from his head.

SIMONNE busily changes his bandages and re-arranges the cloth about his shoulders. Music ends.

SADE sits unmoving, looking across the stage with a mocking expression on his face.]

HERALD: The Revolution came and went
and unrest was replaced by discontent

6. STIFLED UNREST

PATIENT: We've got rights the right to starve
PATIENT: We've got jobs waiting for work
PATIENT: We're all brothers lousy and dirty
PATIENT: We're all free and equal to die like dogs
ROSSIGNOL: And now our lovely new leaders come
they give us banknotes which we're told
are money just as good as gold
but they're only good for wiping your bum

[COULMIER jumps up from his seat]
[in the middle of the stage]

Roux:

Who controls the markets
Who locks up the granaries
Who got the loot from the palaces
Who sits tight on the estates
that were going to be divided between the poor

[COULMIER looks around. A SISTER pulls ROUX back]

20

PATIENTS: [in the background, and beating out the rhythm emphatically]

Who keeps us prisoner
Who locks us in
We're all normal and we want our freedom
Freedom Freedom Freedom

CHORUS:

[The unrest grows]

COULMIER: [knocking with his stick on the railing]

Monsieur de Sade

[SADE takes no notice]

It appears I must act as the voice of reason
What's going to happen when right at the start
of the play

the patients are so disturbed

Please keep your production under control

Times have changed times are different

and these days we should take an objective view
of old grievances

[The PATIENTS are pushed back by the MALE NURSES.

Some SISTERS place themselves in front of the
PATIENTS and sing a tranquillizing litany.]

7. CORDAY IS INTRODUCED

[In the middle ground CORDAY, who is sitting slumped down on the bench, is being prepared by the SISTERS for her entrance.]

HERALD:

Here sits Marat the people's choice
dreaming and listening to his fever's voice
You see his hand curled round his pen
and the screams from the street are all forgotten
He stares at the map of France eyes marching
from town to town

[Points to the map, which MARAT rolls up]

21

while you wait

[Turns round. In the background a whispering begins and spreads.]

CHORUS:

[whispers]

Corday Corday

HERALD:

while you wait for this woman to cut him down
[Points with his staff to CORDAY.]

Orchestra plays the Corday theme.

HERALD:

[waiting for the SISTERS to complete their preparations]

And none of us

And none of us

[CORDAY is led forward by the SISTERS]

And none of us can alter the fact do what we will

that she stands outside his door ready and poised to kill

[he taps the floor three times with his staff.]

CORDAY is put in position in the arena.

This all resembles a ritual act.

The music ends.

The SISTERS step back.

CORDAY:

[sleepily and hesitantly]

Poor Marat in your bath tub
your body soaked saturated with poison
[waking up]

Poison spurring from your hiding place
poisoning the people
arousing them to looting and murder

Marat.

I have come

I

Charlotte Corday from Caen

where a huge army of liberation is massing
and Marat I come as the first of them Marat

[Pause. A chord on the lute leads in the musical accompaniment.]

Once both of us saw the world must go
and change as we read in great Rousseau
but change meant one thing to you I see
and something quite different to me
The very same words we both have said
to give our ideals wings to spread
but my way was true
while for you
the highway led over mountains of dead

Once both of us spoke a single tongue
of brotherly love we sweetly sung
but love meant one thing to you I see
and something quite different to me
but now I'm aware that I was blind
and now I can see into your mind
and so I say no
and I go

to murder you Marat and free all mankind
[Music ends.]

CORDAY stands with her head bowed. The
SISTERS lead her back.]

8. I AM THE REVOLUTION

MARAT:

[tyrannically]

Simonne Simonne

More cold water

Change my bandage

O this itching is unbearable

[SIMONNE stands ready behind him and carries out with maniacal movements her rehearsed tasks. She changes his bandage, fans him with the shoulder cloth and tips a jug over the bath.]

SIMONNE: Jean-Paul don't scratch yourself
you'll tear your skin to shreds
give up writing Jean-Paul
it won't do any good

MARAT: My call
My fourteenth of July call
to the people of France

SIMONNE: Jean-Paul please be more careful
look how red the water's getting
And what's a bath full of blood

MARAT: compared to the bloodbaths still to come
Once we thought a few hundred corpses would
be enough
then we saw thousands were still too few
and today we can't even count all the dead
Everywhere you look
everywhere

[MARAT raises himself up in the bath.

*The FOUR SINGERS stretched out on the floor
play cards, taking no notice of MARAT.]*

There they are

Behind the walls

Up on the rooftops

Down in the cellars

Hypocrites

They wear the people's cap on their heads

but their underwear's embroidered with crowns

and if so much as a shop gets looted

they squeal

Beggars villains gutter rats

Simonne Simonne

my head's on fire

I can't breathe

There is a rioting mob inside me

Simonne

I am the Revolution

[CORDAY is led forward by the SISTERS.]

9. CORDAY'S FIRST VISIT

[HERALD taps three times with his staff on the
floor and points at CORDAY, who is led on to the
arena.

DUPERRET follows CORDAY and remains with
bent knee at the edge of the arena.

SIMONNE stands between her and the bath.]

HERALD: Corday's first visit

[ORCHESTRA plays the CORDAY theme.]

CORDAY: I have come to speak to Citizen Marat

I have an important message for him
about the situation in Caen my home
where his enemies are gathering

SIMONNE: We don't want any visitors

We want a bit of peace

If you've got anything to say to Marat
put it in writing

CORDAY: What I have to say cannot be said in writing

I want to stand in front of him and look at him

[amorously]

I want to see his body tremble and his forehead

bubble with sweat

I want to thrust right between his ribs the
dagger

which I carry between my breasts

[obsessively]

I shall take the dagger in both hands

and push it through his flesh

and then I will hear

[approaches MARAT]

what he has got to say to me

[*She stands directly in front of the bath. She raised dagger and is poised to strike.*]

SIMONNE stands paralysed.

SADE rises from his seat.]

SADE: Not yet Corday

You have to come to his door three times

[CORDAY stops short, hides the dagger and withdraws to her bench.

The SISTERS and DUPERRET follow her as she leaves.]

10. SONG AND MIME OF CORDAY'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS

[*As an accompaniment to the song, PATIENTS come forward as mimes. They walk singly around the arena. With simple disguises they present types in the streets. One is an 'Incroyable' another a 'Merveilleuse' or a banner-bearer, a salesman and culler, an acrobat or flower seller, and there are also some prostitutes.*]

CORDAY circles the arena in the opposite direction. She represents the country girl who has come to town for the first time.]

[*on the edge of the arena, to a musical accompaniment.*]

Song]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY came to our town

heard the people talking saw the banners wave

Weariness had almost dragged her down

weariness had dragged her down

CHARLOTTE CORDAY had to be brave

she could never stay at comfortable hotels

Had to find a man with knives to sell

had to find a man with knives

CHARLOTTE CORDAY passed the pretty stores
Perfume and cosmetics powders and wigs
unguent for curing syphilis sores
unguent for curing your sores

She saw a dagger its handle was white
walked into the cutlery seller's door
When she saw the dagger the dagger was bright
CHARLOTTE saw the dagger was bright

When the man asked her who is it for
it is common knowledge to each of you
CHARLOTTE smiled and paid him his forty sous
CHARLOTTE smiled and paid forty sous

[*Mime of the purchase of the knife. CORDAY chooses the dagger, takes it and pays. She conceals the dagger under her neckcloth. The SALESMAN looks down her bosom with an admiring gesture.*]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY walked alone

Paris birds sang sugar calls

CHARLOTTE walked down lanes of stone

through the haze from perfume stalls

CHARLOTTE smelt the dead's gangrene

Heard the singing guillotine

[*The mime procession grows larger and develops into a dance of death.*]

The MUSIC underlines the monotonous rhythm.

TWO PATIENTS, covered with a cloth, represent a horse. They pull a cart in which stand the condemned receiving last rites from a priest.

The PATIENTS accompanying the cart make ecstatic and contorted movements. Some are seized with convulsions and throw themselves down in fits. One hears stifled giggles and groans and the stamping of feet to music.]

Don't soil your pretty little shoes
The gutter's deep and red
Climb up climb up and ride along with me
the tumbrel driver said

But she never said a word
never turned her head

Don't soil your pretty little pants
I only go one way
Climb up climb up and ride along with me
There's no gold coach today

But she never said a word
never turned her head

CORDAY: *[in front of the arena, turned to the public. Behind her the stamping continues]*

What kind of town is this
The sun can hardly pierce the haze
not a haze made out of rain and fog
but steaming thick and hot
like the mist in a slaughterhouse
Why are they howling
What are they dragging through the streets
They carry stakes but what's impaled on those
stakes

Why do they hop what are they dancing for
Why are they racked with laughter
Why do the children scream
What are those heaps they fight over
those heaps with eyes and mouths
What kind of town is this
hacked buttocks lying in the street
What are all these faces

*[Behind her the dance of death takes place.
The FOUR SINGERS join the dancers.]*

*The cart is turned into a place of execution. Two
PATIENTS represent the guillotine. The execution
is prepared in gruesome detail.*

CORDAY sits slumped at the foremost edge of the
arena.]

Soon these faces will close around me

These eyes and mouths will call me to join them

*[The mime depicts the piercing and bursting of
the fat belly of the priest. The condemned man
leans across the execution block. His hands are
sawn off.]*

II. DEATH'S TRIUMPH

MARAT: *[Speaking to the audience]*

Now it's happening and you can't stop it
happening

The people used to suffer everything

now they take their revenge

You are watching that revenge

and you don't remember that you drove the
people to it

Now you protest

but it's too late

to start crying over spilt blood

What is the blood of these aristocrats

compared with the blood the people shed for
you

Many of them had their throats slit by your
gangs

Many of them died more slowly in your
workshops

*[The hands of the victim fall off. Howls. The
executioners start sawing off his head.]*

So what is this sacrifice

compared with the sacrifices the people made to keep you fat

What are a few looted mansions compared with their looted lives

You don't care

if the foreign armies with whom you're making secret deals

march in and massacre the people

You hope the people will be wiped out so you can flourish

and when they are wiped out not a muscle will twitch in your puffy bourgeois faces

which are now all twisted up with anger and disgust

[COULMIER rises. The head falls off. Triumphant screams. The PATIENTS play ball with the head.]

COULMIER: Monsieur de Sade

we can't allow this

you really cannot call this education

It isn't making my patients any better

they're all becoming over-excited

After all we invited the public here

to show them that our patients

are not all social lepers

[SADE does not react. He gazes with a mocking smile across the stage and cues the HERALD.]

HERALD: [tapping his staff before COULMIER has finished speaking]

We only show these people massacred

because this indisputably occurred

Please calmly watch these barbarous displays

which could not happen nowadays

The men of that time mostly now demised

were primitive we are more civilised

30

[HERALD points with his staff at the execution scene.

Trumpet call.

Procession of nobles forms quickly, lining up for execution.]

CORDAY: [rising]

Up there on the scaffold

you stand completely still and stare

farther than your executioners can see

That is how I will stand

when it's all over

[she closes her eyes and appears to be sleeping]

Look at them Marat

these men who once owned everything

See how they turn their defeat into victory

Now that their pleasures have been taken away

the guillotine saves them from endless boredom

Gaily they offer their heads as if for coronation

Is not that the pinnacle of perversion

[The victims kneel in front of the execution

block. SADE gestures to the whole group to

retreat. The PATIENTS withdraw. The cart is

taken away. CORDAY is led to her bench. A

curtain is drawn to hide the PATIENTS.]

12. CONVERSATION CONCERNING LIFE AND DEATH

[Order is restored at the back.

The SISTERS murmur a short litany.]

MARAT:

[speaking to SADE across the empty arena]

I read in your books de Sade

in one of your immortal works

that the animating force of Nature is destruc-

tion

and that our only instrument for measuring life

is death

31

SADÉ:

Correct Marat
But man has given a false importance to death
Any animal plant or man who dies
adds to Nature's compost heap
becomes the manure without which
nothing could grow nothing could be created
Death is simply part of the process
Every death even the cruellest death
drowns in the total indifference of Nature
Nature herself would watch unmoved
if we destroyed the entire human race
[rising]
I hate Nature
this passionless spectator this unbreakable
iceberg-face
that can bear everything
this goads us to greater and greater acts
[breathing heavily]
But even though I hate this goddess I see
the greatest acts in history
have followed her laws
Nature tells a man to fight for his own happiness
and if he must kill to gain it
why then the murder is natural
We must reproduce we must destroy
The balance must be kept
Haven't we always beaten down those weaker
than ourselves
Haven't we torn at their throats
with continuous villainy and lust
Haven't we experimented in our laboratories
before applying the final solution
Man is a destroyer
but if he kills and takes no pleasure in it

32

he is a machine
He should destroy with passion
like a man
Let me remind you of the execution of Damiens
after his unsuccessful attempt to assassinate
Louis the Fifteenth (now deceased)
Remember how Damiens died
How gentle the guillotine is
compared with his torture
It lasted four hours while the crowd goggled
and Casanova at an upper window
felt under the skirts of the ladies watching
[pointing in the direction of the tribunal where
COULMIER sits]
His chest arms thighs and calves were slit open
Molten lead was poured into each slit
boiling oil they poured over him burning tar
wax sulphur
They burnt off his hands
tied ropes to his arms and legs
harnessed four horses to him and geed them up
They pulled at him for an hour but they'd
never done it before
and he wouldn't come apart
until they sawed through his shoulders and hips
So he lost the first arm then the second
and he watched what they did to him and then
turned to us
and shouted so everyone could understand
And when they tore off the first leg and then the
second leg
he still lived though his voice was getting weak
and at the end he hung there a bloody torso
with a nodding head
just groaning and staring at the crucifix

33

which the father confessor was holding up to him

[*in the background a half-murmured litany is heard*]
That

was a festival with which

today's festivals can't compete

Even our inquisition has no meaning nowadays

Although we've only just started

there's no passion in our post-revolutionary murders

Now they are all official

We condemn to death without emotion

and there's no singular personal death to be had only an anonymous cheapened death

which we could dole out to entire nations on a mathematical basis

until the time comes for all life

to be extinguished

MARAT: Citizen Marquis

you may have fought for us last September when we dragged out of the gaols

the aristocrats who plotted against us

but you still talk like a grand seigneur

and what you call the indifference of Nature is your own lack of compassion

Compassion

Now Marat you are talking like an aristocrat
Compassion is the property of the privileged classes

When the pitier lowers himself

to give to a beggar

he throbs with contempt

To protect his riches he pretends to be moved

34

and his gift to the beggar amounts to no more than a kick [*lute chord*]

No Marat

no small emotions please

Your feelings were never petty

For you just as for me

only the most extreme actions matter

MARAT: If I am extreme I am not extreme in the same way as you

Against Nature's silence I use action

In the vast indifference I invent a meaning

I don't watch unmoved I intervene

and say that this and this are wrong

and I work to alter them and improve them

The important thing

is to pull yourself up by your own hair

to turn yourself inside out

and see the whole world with fresh eyes

13. MARAT'S LITURGY

[*The curtain is drawn open.*]

PATIENTS *move forward and arrange themselves in a closed group.*]

HERALD: Marat's liturgy

MARAT: Remember how it used to be

The kings were our dear fathers

under whose care we lived in peace

and their deeds were glorified

by official poets

Piously the simpleminded breadwinners

passed on the lesson to their children

[*murmuring in the background as MARAT continues*]

The kings are our dear fathers

under whose care we live in peace

35

The kings are our dear fathers
 under whose care we live in peace
 And the children repeated the lesson they
 believed it
 as anyone believes
 what they hear over and over again
 [Chorus repeats]
 And over and over again the priests said
 [accompanied by chorus of PATIENTS]
 Our love embraces all mankind
 of every colour race and creed
 Our love is international universal
 we are all brothers every one
 [continuing alone]
 And the priests looked down into the pit of
 injustice
 and they turned their faces away and said
 [accompanied by chorus of PATIENTS]
 Our kingdom is not as the kingdom of this
 world
 Our life on earth is but a pilgrimage
 The soul lives on humility and patience
 [continuing alone]
 at the same time screwing from the poor
 their last centime
 They settled down among their treasures
 and ate and drank with princes
 and to the starving they said
 [accompanied by chorus of PATIENTS]
 Suffer
 Suffer as he suffered on the cross
 for it is the will of God
 [A mime is performed.
 PATIENTS and the FOUR SINGERS come
 forward. Church dignitaries are depicted:

CUCURUCU carries a cross made of brooms tied
 together and leads POLPOOH with a rope around
 his neck behind him.
 KOKOL swings a bucket as a censer.
 ROSSIGNOL counts her beads.
 [Continuing alone]
 And anyone believes what they hear over and
 over again
 so the poor instead of bread made do with a
 picture
 of the bleeding scourged and nailed-up Christ
 and prayed to that image of their helplessness
 And the priests said
 [Accompanied by chorus of PATIENTS. The
 litanies of the SISTERS can also be heard.]
 Raise your hands to heaven bend your knees
 and bear your suffering without complaint
 Pray for those who torture you
 for prayer and blessing are the only stairways
 which you can climb to Paradise
 [speaking alone]
 And so they chained down the poor in their
 ignorance
 so that they wouldn't stand up and fight their
 bosses
 who ruled in the name of the lie of divine right
 Amen
 CHORUS:
 COULMIER:
 [rising and calling above the Amen]
 Monsieur de Sade
 I must interrupt this argument
 We agreed to make some cuts in this passage
 After all nobody now objects to the church
 since our emperor is surrounded by high-
 ranking clergy
 and since it's been proved over and over again

that the poor need the spiritual comfort of the priests
 There's no question of anyone being oppressed
 Quite on the contrary everything's done to
 relieve suffering
 with clothing collections medical aid and soup
 kitchens
 and in this very clinic we're dependent on the
 goodwill
 not only of the temporal government
 but even more on the goodness and under-
 standing of the church

HERALD:

[raising his staff]
 If our performance causes aggravation
 we hope you'll swallow down your indignation
 and please remember that we show
 only those things which happened long ago
 Remember things were very different then
 of course today we're all God-fearing men
[makes the sign of the cross]

14. A REGRETTABLE INTERVENTION

[A PATIENT, a clergyman's collar round his neck, detaches himself from the group and hops forward on his knees.]

PATIENT:

[stammering incoherently]
 Pray pray
 O pray to him
 Our Satan which art in hell
 thy kingdom come
 thy will be done
 on earth as it is in hell
 forgive us our good deeds
 and deliver us from holiness

38

Lead us
 Lead us into temptation
 over and over
 Amen

[COULMIER has sprung to his feet.]

MALE NURSES throw themselves on the
 PATIENT, overpower him, put him under a
 shower, then bind him and drag him to the back.]

HERALD:

[swinging his rattle]
 The regrettable incident you've just seen
 was unavoidable indeed foreseen
 by our playwright who managed to compose
 some extra lines in case the need arose
 Please understand this man was once the very
 well-thought-of abbot of a monastery
 It should remind us all that as they say
 God moves like man in a mysterious way

[He swings his rattle.]

COULMIER sits down.

The PATIENTS retreat and stretch out on the
 benches, supervised by the SISTERS and MALE
 NURSES.]

15. CONTINUATION OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARAT AND SADE

SADE: Before deciding what is wrong and what is right
 first we must find out what we are

I

do not know myself

No sooner have I discovered something
 than I begin to doubt it

and I have to destroy it again

What we do is just a shadow of what we want
 to do

39

and the only truths we can point to
are the ever-changing truths of our own
experience

I do not know if I am hangman or victim
for I imagine the most horrible tortures
and as I describe them I suffer them myself
There is nothing that I could not do and every-
thing fills me with horror

And I see that other people also
suddenly change themselves into strangers
and are driven to unpredictable acts

A little while ago I saw my tailor
a gentle cultured man who liked to talk philo-
sophy

I saw him foam at the mouth
and raging and screaming attack with a cudgel
a man from Switzerland
a large man heavily armed
and destroy him utterly
and then I saw him
tear open the breast of the defeated man
saw him take out the still beating heart
and swallow it

[A PATIENT, in pacing across the stage, comes
face to face with COULMIER and addresses part
of his speech directly to him.]

PATIENT:

A mad animal

Man's a mad animal

I'm a thousand years old and in my time

I've helped commit a million murders

The earth is spread

The earth is spread thick

with squashed human guts

We few survivors

We few survivors

walk over a quaking bog of corpses
always under our feet

every step we take

rotted bones ashes matted hair

under our feet

broken teeth skulls split open

A mad animal

I'm a mad animal

[SADE comes up to him and leads him gently to
the back as he continues]

Prisons don't help

Chains don't help

I escape

through all the walls

through all the shit and the splintered bones

You'll see it all one day

I'm not through yet

I have plans

[searches for his cue]

[prompting]

O this itching

O this itching this itching [hesitates]

[prompting]

This fever

This fever beats in my head like a drum

my skin simmers and scorches

Simonne

Simonne dip the cloth in vinegar and water

cool my forehead

[SIMONNE hastens to him and goes through her
motions.]

Marat I know

that you'd give up your fame and all the love of
the people

for a few days of health

You lie in your bath
 as if you were in the pink water of the womb
 You swim all huddled up
 alone with your ideas about the world
 which no longer fit the world outside
 And why should you care about the world
 outside

For me the only reality is imagination
 the world inside myself

The Revolution

no longer interests me

Wrong Sade wrong

This imagination you talk of is
 useless to me

Imagination can't break down
 any real barriers

I write but I never believed the pen alone
 could destroy institutions

I know the dangers

However hard I fight for the new age
 the only time it seems to come any closer

is in the quiet between our clumsy battles

We're all so clogged with dead ideas

passed from generation to generation

that even the best of us

are unable to control our own lives

We invented the Revolution

but we didn't know how to run it

Look everyone wants to keep something from
 the past

a souvenir of the old regime

This man decides to keep a painting

This one keeps his mistress

This man keeps his horse

He [*pointing*] keeps his garden

He [*pointing*] keeps his estate
 He keeps his country house
 He keeps his factories
 This man couldn't part with his shipyards
 This one kept his army
 and that one keeps his king
 And so we stand here

and write into the declaration of the rights of
 man

the holy right of property

And now we find where that leads

Every man's equally free to fight

fraternally and with equal arms of course

Every man his own millionaire

Man against man group against group

in happy mutual robbery

[*The PATIENTS stand up slowly, some step
 forward. The SINGERS take up their positions.*]

And ahead of them the great springtime of
 mankind

the budding of trade and the blossoming of
 industry

and one enormous financial upsurge

We stand here more oppressed than when we
 began

[*points across the auditorium*]

and they think that the revolution's been won

16. THE PEOPLE'S REACTION

THE FOUR [*With musical accompaniment.*]

SINGERS: Why do they have the gold

Why do they have all the power

Why do they have friends at the top

Why do they have jobs at the top

We've got nothing always had nothing
nothing but holes and millions of them

KOKOL: { Living in holes

POLPOCH: { Dying in holes

CUCURUCU: { Holes in our bellies

ROSSIGNOL: { and holes in our clothes

THE FOUR { Marat we're poor and the poor stay poor

SINGERS & { Marat don't make us wait any more

CHORUS: { We want our rights and we don't care how

{ We want our Revolution NOW

HERALD: [coming forward quickly, swinging his staff. Music
ends. The FOUR SINGERS and CHORUS withdraw]

Observe how easily a crowd turns mob

through ignorance of its wise ruler's job

Rather than bang an empty drum

of protest citizens be dumb

Work for and trust the powerful few

what's best for them is best for you

Ladies and gentlemen we'd like to see

people and government in harmony

a harmony which I should say

we've very nearly reached today

[DUPERRET and the SISTERS busy themselves
with CORDAY, who cannot be awakened. They
pull her to her feet and hold her up and try to
get her moving.]

17. FIRST CONVERSATION BETWEEN CORDAY AND DUPERRET

[CORDAY is led forward by the two SISTERS,
supporting her under the arms.

DUPERRET walks behind, supporting

CORDAY's back with his hands.]

HERALD: [plays a few runs on his Pan-flute]

And now nobility meets grace
Our author brings them face to face
The beautiful and brave Charlotte Corday
[turns round in concern, nods in relief and points his
staff at CORDAY]

The handsome Monsieur Duperret

[With the help of the SISTERS, CORDAY enters
the arena. DUPERRET walks beside her.

The SISTERS withdraw.

CORDAY and DUPERRET greet each other with
exaggerated ceremony.]

In Caen where she spent the best years of her
youth

in a convent devoted to the way of truth

Duperret's name she heard them recommend
as a most sympathetic helpful friend

[DUPERRET uses the scene to make amorous
advances to CORDAY.

The HERALD addresses DUPERRET.]

Confine your passion to the lady's mind

Your love's platonic not the other kind

[He gives the ORCHESTRA a sign with his staff.

CORDAY stands with head held back, eyes
closed.

The ORCHESTRA plays the Corday theme.

The HERALD withdraws. He waits a few
seconds and watches CORDAY.]

CORDAY:

[with her eyes closed]

Ah dearest Duperret

[she hesitates then starts again as if singing an aria]

Ah dearest Duperret what can we do

How can we stop this dreadful calamity

In the streets everyone is saying

Marat's to be

[*She hesitates.*]

DUPERRET *gently caresses her hips and back.*]

Marat's to be tribune and dictator
He still pretends that his iron grip
will relax as soon as the worst is over
But we know what Marat really wants
anarchy and confusion

[*CORDAY stands sunk into herself.*]

DUPERRET: [*embracing CORDAY, also as if singing an aria, but with great ardour*]

Dearest Charlotte you must return
return to your friends the pious nuns
and live in prayer and contemplation
You cannot fight
the hard-faced enemies surrounding us

[*One of the SISTERS approaches DUPERRET and pulls back his hand, which he had placed on her bosom.*]

CORDAY *stands sunk into herself.*]

You talk about Marat but who's this Marat
A street salesman a funfair barker
a layabout from Corsica sorry I mean Sar-
dinia

Marat the name sounds Jewish to me
perhaps derived from the waters of Marah in
the Bible

But who listens to him

Only the mob down in the streets

Up here Marat can be no danger to us

[*DUPERRET embraces CORDAY's hips.*]

The FOUR SINGERS are filling in time with all sorts of pranks, throwing dice and showing each other card tricks.]

CORDAY: [*suddenly awake and full of power*]

Dearest Duperret you're trying to test me

but I know what I must do

[*tries to free herself from DUPERRET's embrace. The two SISTERS standing behind the podium interfere and pull back DUPERRET's hands.*]

Duperret go to Caen

Barbaroux and Buzot are waiting for you there
Go now and travel quickly

Do not wait till this evening

for this evening everything will be too late

DUPERRET: [*passionately, in aria style as before*]

Dearest Charlotte my place is here

[*throws himself on his knees and hugs her legs*]

How could I leave the city which holds you

Dearest Charlotte

my place is here

[*he forgets himself and becomes wilder in his embracing. The HERALD pushes him with his staff and then taps on the floor.*]

HERALD: [*prompting*]

And why should I run

DUPERRET: And why should I run

now when it can't last much longer

[*stroking CORDAY vigorously*]

Already the English lie off Dunkirk and Toulon

The Prussians

HERALD: [*prompting*]

The Spaniards

DUPERRET: The Spaniards have occupied Roussillon

Paris

HERALD: [*prompting*]

Mayence

DUPERRET: Mayence is surrounded by the Prussians

Condé and Valenciennes have fallen to the

Russians

HERALD: [correcting]
Austrians

DUPERRET: To the Austrians
The Vendée is up in arms
[with much ardour and vigorous embraces]
They can't hold out much longer
these fanatical upstarts
with no vision and no culture
They can't hold out much longer
No dear Charlotte here I stay
[snuggles up to her and puts his head into her lap]
waiting for the promised day
when with Marat's mob interred
France once more speaks the forbidden word
Freedom

[DUPERRET raises himself, clinging to
CORDAY, tries to kiss her.
CORDAY extricates herself, the two SISTERS
come to her aid, pushing DUPERRET away and
pulling her back to her bench.
The MUSIC ends.]

18. SADE TURNS HIS BACK ON ALL THE NATIONS

SADE: [shouting to MARAT]
You hear that Marat
Freedom
They all say they want what's best for France
My patriotism's bigger than yours
They're all ready to die for the honour of
France
Radical or moderate
they're all after the taste of blood

48

[rising]
The luke-warm liberals and the angry radicals
all believe in the greatness of France
Marat

can't you see this patriotism is lunacy
Long ago I left heroics to the heroes
and I care no more for this country
than for any other country

COULMIER: [calling over them with raised forefinger]
Take care

PATIENT: [in the background]
Long live Napoleon and the nation
[a shrill laugh in the background]
[at back calling]

KOKOL: Long live all emperors kings bishops and popes
[signs of disorder in the background]

POLPOCH: Long live watery broth and the straitjacket
Long live Marat

ROSSIGNOL: Long live the Revolution
Roux: [shouting above the disorder]

SADE: It's easy to get mass movements going
movements that move in vicious circles
[Shrill whistles in background.
A PATIENT begins to run in a circle, a second
and third join in.]

SADE: I don't believe in idealists
who charge down blind alleys

I don't believe in any of the sacrifices
that have been made for any cause
I believe only in myself
[turning violently to SADE]

MARAT: I believe in the Revolution
We've overthrown our wealthy rabble of rulers
disarmed many of them though

49

many escaped
But now those rulers have been replaced by
others

who used to carry torches and banners with us
and now long for the good old days

It becomes clear

that the Revolution was fought
for merchants and shopkeepers

the bourgeoisie

a new victorious class

and underneath them

ourselves

who always lose the lottery

Those fat monkeys covered in banknotes

have champagne and brandy on tap

They're up to their eyeballs in franc notes

We're up to our noses in crap

Those gorilla-mouthed fakers

are longing to see us all rot

The gentry may lose a few acres

but we lose the little we've got

Revolution it's more like a ruin

They're all stuffed with glorious food

They think about nothing but screwing

but we are the ones who get screwed

19. FIRST RABBLE-ROUSING OF JACQUES ROUX

Roux:

[*Springing on a bench in background, shouting*]

Pick up your arms

Fight for your rights

Grab what you need and grab it now

or wait a hundred years

and see what the authorities arrange

50

[*PATIENTS approach ROUX from the tribunal*]

Up there they despise you

because you never had the cash

to learn to read and write

You're good enough for the dirty work of the

Revolution

but they screw their noses up at you

because your sweat stinks

You have to sit way down there

so they won't have to see you

And down there

in ignorance and stink

you're allowed to do your bit

towards bringing in the golden age

in which you'll all do the same old dirty work

Up there in the sunlight

their poets sing

about the power of life

and the expensive rooms in which they scheme

are hung with exquisite paintings

So stand up

Defend yourselves from their whips

Stand up stand in front of them

and let them see how many of you there are

[*The FOUR SINGERS sit down in the arena and*

pass a bottle around.

The two SISTERS grab ROUX from behind and

pull him down from the dais.]

COULMIER:

[*springing up*]

Do we have to listen to this sort of thing

We're citizens of a new enlightened age

We're all revolutionaries nowadays

but this is plain treachery we can't allow it

[*sounding a shrill whistle*]

The cleric you've been listening to

HERALD:

51

is that notorious priest Jacques Roux
[points with his staff at Roux]
 who to adopt the new religious fashion
 has quit the pulpit and with earthier passion
 rages from soapboxes A well-trained priest
 his rhetoric is slick to say the least
 'If you'd make paradise your only chance
 is not to build on clouds but solid France'
 The mob eats from his hand while Roux
 knows what he wants but not what he should do
 Talk's cheap The price of action is colossal
 so Roux decides to be the chief apostle
 of Jean-Paul Marat Seems good policy
 since Marat's heading straight for Calvary
 and crucifixion all good Christians know
 is the most sympathetic way to go
[frees himself and jumps forward]
 We demand
 the opening of the granaries to feed the poor
 We demand
 the public ownership of workshops and factories
*[The FOUR SINGERS listen to the disturbance,
 but soon lose interest. They quarrel for the last
 drop of the bottle.]*
 We demand
 the conversion of the churches into schools
 so that now at last something useful can be
 taught in them
*[COULMIER wrings his hands and signifies
 protest]*
 We demand that everyone should do all they
 can
 to put an end to war
 This damned war
 which is run for the benefit of profiteers

and leads only to more wars
*[COULMIER runs across to SADE and speaks to
 him, but SADE does not react.]*
 We demand
 that the people who started the war
 should pay the cost of it
[The FOUR SINGERS continue their antics.]
 Once and for all
 the idea of glorious victories
 won by the glorious army
 must be wiped out
 Neither side is glorious
 On either side they're just frightened men
 messing their pants
 and they all want the same thing
 Not to lie under the earth
 but to walk upon it
 without crutches
[shouting over him]
 COULMIER:
 This is outright pacifism
 At this very moment our soldiers are laying
 down their lives
 for the freedom of the world and for our
 freedom
[turning violently to SADE]
 This scene was cut
*[calling out, without concerning himself with
 COULMIER's protest]*
 SADE:
 Bravo Jacques Roux
 I like your monk's habit
 Nowadays it's best
 to preach revolution
 wearing a robe
*[ROUX is overpowered by the two NURSES and
 dragged off. DUPERRER makes violent passes at*

CORDAY who remains impassive. *The PATIENTS come forward restlessly.*

ROUX:

[as he is being strapped to a bench]

Marat

Your hour has come

Now Marat show yourself

Come out and lead the people

They are waiting for you

It must be now

For the Revolution

which burns up everything

in blinding brightness

will only last as long as a lightning flash

20. MONSIEUR DE SADE IS WHIPPED

[Roux jumps up, the bench strapped to his back. He is overpowered.]

The PATIENTS are pushed back.

SADE comes slowly into the arena. *He speaks without bothering about the noise.*

SADE:

Marat

Today they need you because you are going to suffer for them

They need you and they honour the urn which holds your ashes

Tomorrow they will come back and smash that urn

and they will ask

Marat who was Marat

Marat

Now I will tell you

what I think of this revolution

which I helped to make

[It has become very quiet in the background.]

When I lay in the Bastille

my ideas were already formed

I sweated them out

under the blows of my own whip

out of hatred for myself

and the limitations of my mind

In prison I created in my mind

monstrous representatives of a dying class

who could still exercise their power

in spectacularly staged orgies

I recorded the mechanics of their atrocities

in the minutest detail

and brought out everything wicked and brutal that lay inside me

In a criminal society

I dug the criminal out of myself

so I could understand him and so understand the times we live in

My imaginary giants committed desecrations and tortures

I committed them myself

and like them allowed myself to be bound and beaten

And even now I should like to take

this beauty here

[pointing to CORDAY, who is brought forward]

who stands there so expectantly

and let her beat me

while I talk to you about the Revolution

[The SISTERS place CORDAY in the arena.]

SADE hands her a many-stranded whip. *He*

tears off his shirt and offers his back to

CORDAY. He stands facing the audience.

CORDAY stands behind him. The PATIENTS

advance slowly from the background. The ladies

all I can get with my own strength

I step out of my place

and watch what happens

without joining in

observing

noting down my observations

and all around me

stillness

[pauses, breathing heavily]

And when I vanish

I want all trace of my existence

to be wiped out

*[He takes his shirt and returns to his chair,
slowly dressing.]*

21. POOR OLD MARAT

MARAT: *[bent forward, sunk into himself]*

Simonne Simonne

[staring as if blind]

Why is it getting so dark

Give me a fresh cloth for my forehead

Put a new towel round my shoulders

I don't know

if I am freezing or burning to death

*[SIMONNE stands ready and bends over him with
her jerky movements, puts a hand to his brow,
changes the cloths, fans him. The PATIENTS
cover behind the arena.]*

Simonne

Fetch Bas so I can dictate my call

my call to the people of France

*[SIMONNE shakes her head in horror and puts a
hand over her mouth.]*

Simonne

58

Where are my papers

I saw them only a moment ago

Why is it so dark

[pushing the papers lying on the board nearer]

They're here can't you see Jean-Paul

Where's the ink

Where's my pen

[indicating]

Here's your pen Jean-Paul

and here's the ink

where it always is

That was only a cloud over the sun

or perhaps smoke

They are burning the corpses

*[The ORCHESTRA plays. The FOUR SINGERS
come forward.]*

[singing to music]

Poor old Marat they hunt you down

The bloodhounds are sniffing all over the town

Just yesterday your printing press

was smashed Now they're asking your home
address

Poor old Marat in you we trust

You work till your eyes turn as red as rust

but while you write they're on your track

The boots mount the staircase the door's flung
back

[together with CHORUS]

Marat we're poor and the poor stay poor

Marat don't make us wait any more

We want our rights and we don't care how

We want our Revolution NOW

*[Music Finale. SINGERS withdraw. The
PATIENTS close the curtain.]*

59

22. SECOND CONVERSATION BETWEEN CORDAY
AND DUPERRET

[The SISTERS and DUPERRET busy themselves with CORDAY. Together they raise her up. The SISTERS arrange her clothes and tie on her hat. The HERALD comes forward and knocks his staff on the floor three times.]

HERALD:

[plays a few runs on his Pan-flute]

Now that these painful matters have been clarified

let's turn and look upon the sunny side

Fever sores death not one of them destroys

the universal rule of love's sweet joys

Anger and woe don't give a true reflection

of life there's also spiritual affection

Recall this couple and their love so pure

[CORDAY is led to the centre by SISTERS.

DUPERRET has his arm around her.

The HERALD points his staff]

she with her neatly-groomed coiffure

[points to it]

and her face intriguingly pale and clear

[points to it]

and her eyes ashine with the trace of a tear

[points to them]

her lips sensual and ripe seeming to silently cry for protection

[points to them]

and his embraces proving his affection

[Points to DUPERRET, who lifts CORDAY's foot and kisses her shoe, then covers her leg in kisses. CORDAY pushes him back.]

See how he moves with natural grace

60

[DUPERRET loses his balance and, without grace, sits on his behind, but rises immediately and strikes a comic amorous pose before CORDAY, who turns her face from him in disgust.]

and how his heart sprints on at passion's pace [points to DUPERRET's breast]

Let's gaze at the sweet blending of the strong and fair sex

before their heads fall off their necks

[ORCHESTRA plays CORDAY theme. She hesitates, looking for her words.

The HERALD prompts her.]

One day it will come to pass

[in the aria style]

One day it will come to pass

Man will live in harmony with himself

and with his fellow-man

[covers her hand and arm with kisses]

One day it will come

[he strokes her hair, singing in the aria style]

a society which will pool its energy

to defend and protect

each person for the possession of each person

and in which each individual

although united with all the others

[putting a hand under CORDAY's dress. She defends herself.]

only obeys himself

and so stays free

[DUPERRET tries to kiss CORDAY's mouth.

She avoids him.]

CORDAY:

A society

in which every man is trusted with the right of governing himself himself

61

DUPERRET: [holding CORDAY and embracing her violently]
 One day it will come
 a constitution in which the natural inequalities
 of man
 [CORDAY leans back. DUPERRET jumps after
 her, continuing]
 are subject to a higher order
 [breathless]
 so that all
 [One of the SISTERS gets hold of CORDAY and
 leads her back. CORDAY is placed in a heroic
 pose.]
 however varied their physical and mental
 powers may be
 by agreement legally
 get their fair share
 [He utters a sigh of relief, and then he also falls
 into a suitable pose so that they form a pleasant
 tableau.]

23. THESE LIES THEY TELL

[MARAT raises himself up. CORDAY is led
 back by the SISTERS. DUPERRET follows her.]
 MARAT: These lies they tell about the ideal state
 The rich will never give away their property
 of their own free will
 And if by force of circumstances
 they have to give up just a little
 here and there
 they do it only because they know
 they'll soon win it back again
 The rumour spreads . . .
 that the workers can soon expect higher wages
 Why

[The head of a PATIENT appears from behind
 the curtain, which is opened from inside.]
 Because this raises production and increases
 demand
 to fill the rich man's gold-chest
 Don't imagine
 that you can beat them without using force
 [The PATIENTS rise one by one and advance
 slowly, listening intently.]
 CORDAY lies stretched out on the dais,
 DUPERRET leans over her.]
 Don't be deceived
 when our Revolution has been finally stamped
 out
 and they tell you
 things are better now
 Even if there's no poverty to be seen
 because the poverty's been hidden
 even if you ever got more wages
 and could afford to buy
 more of these new and useless goods
 which these new industries foist on you
 and even if it seems to you
 that you never had so much
 that is only the slogan of those
 who still have much more than you
 [The PATIENTS and FOUR SINGERS advance
 slowly.]
 Don't be taken in
 when they pat you paternally on the shoulder
 and say
 that there's no inequality worth speaking of
 and no more reason
 for fighting
 [COULMIER looks around, worried.]

Because if you believe them

[turns towards the audience]

they will be completely in charge
in their marble homes and granite banks
from which they rob the people of the world
under the pretence of bringing them culture

[COULMIER leaves the platform and hurries towards SADE. He speaks to him. SADE does not react.]

Watch out

for as soon as it pleases them
they'll send you out
to protect their gold
in wars

[SADE rises and moves to the arena.]

whose weapons rapidly developed
by servile scientists
will become more and more deadly
until they can with a flick of a finger
tear a million of you to pieces

SADE:

Lying there

scratched and swollen
your brow burning

[COULMIER nods with satisfaction and returns to the platform.]

in your world your bath

you still believe that justice is possible
you still believe all men are equal

Do you still believe that all occupations
are equally valuable equally satisfying
and that no man wants to be greater than the
others

How does the old song go

24. SONG AND MIME OF THE GLORIFICATION OF THE BENEFICIARY

[The FOUR SINGERS perform a mime, in which they illustrate the cash value of all the things SADE names.]

SADE:

One always bakes the most delicate cakes
Two is the really superb masseur
Three sets your hair with exceptional flair
Four's brandy goes to the Emperor
Five knows each trick of advanced rhetoric
Six bred a beautiful brand-new rose
Seven can cook every dish in the book
And eight cuts you flawlessly elegant clothes
Do you think those eight would be happy
if each of them could climb so high
and no higher

before banging their heads on equality
if each could be only a small link
in a long and heavy chain
Do you still think it's possible
to unite mankind

when already you see how the few idealists
who did join together in the name of harmony
are now out of tune
and would like to kill each other over trifles

MARAT:

[raising himself]

But they aren't trifles

They are matters of principle
and it's usual in a revolution
for the half-hearted and the fellow-travellers
to be dropped

[Mime ends. MARAT stands up in the bath.]
We can't begin to build till we've burnt the old
building down

however dreadful that may seem to those who lounge in make-believe contentment wearing their scruples as protective clothing Listen

Can you hear through the walls how they plot and whisper

[MARAT gets out of the bath and stumbles around the arena as if about to faint. Some nurses seize him and put him back into the bath.]

Do you see how they lurk everywhere waiting for the chance to strike

[to music accompaniment, singly, speaking in conversational tones while promenading]

What has gone wrong with the men who are ruling I'd like to know who they think they are fooling They told us that torture was over and gone but everyone knows the same torture goes on The king's gone away The priests emigrating The nobles are buried so why are we waiting

THE FOUR SINGERS:

25. CORDAY'S SECOND VISIT

[CORDAY is prepared by the SISTERS who lead her forward. DUPERRET follows them. MARAT sits waiting in his bath. SIMONNE changes his cloths. SADE stands in front of his chair. CORDAY is placed on the arena in a pose. She holds up her hand as if about to knock. The

SISTERS stand behind her ready to support her. DUPERRET sits down. The FOUR SINGERS stop in front of the musicians.

The HERALD gives CORDAY a sign with his staff, she moves her hand as if knocking, and the HERALD knocks three times with his staff on the floor.

The ORCHESTRA plays the CORDAY theme.]

HERALD: Now Charlotte Corday stands outside Marat's front door the second time she's tried [points to CORDAY. SIMONNE straightens and goes a few steps towards CORDAY.]

CORDAY: [quietly] I have come to deliver this letter [draws a letter from her bodice] in which I ask again to be received by Marat [hesitates]

I am unhappy and therefore have a right to his aid [CORDAY holds the letter out to SIMONNE. SIMONNE, confused, takes a step towards CORDAY, returns to the back and begins to change MARAT's bandage.]

CORDAY: [repeating loudly] I have a right to his aid

[She stretches out her hand. SIMONNE wavers nervously about, then runs to CORDAY and snatches the letter from her.]

MARAT: Who was that at the door Simonne [SIMONNE hesitates in confusion between CORDAY and MARAT.]

HERALD: [prompting]

A girl from Caen with a letter
a petitioner

[CORDAY is now standing sunk into herself.]

DUPERRET rises and puts his arm around her
waist.

The two SISTERS come up. CORDAY is led off.]

SIMONNE:

[*confused and angry*]

I won't let anyone in

They only bring us trouble

All these people with their convulsions and
complaints

As if you had nothing better to do

than be their lawyer and doctor and confessor

[*She tears the letter up and puts the pieces in her
apron. She puts a fresh cloth around MARAT's
shoulders.*]

SADE:

[*goes into the arena and stops near the bath. Musical
accompaniment.*]

That's how it is Marat

That's how she sees your revolution

They have toothache

and their teeth should be pulled

[*The FOUR SINGERS mime the characters in his
speech. They mime very slowly, with economical
gestures illustrating suffering.*]

Their soup's burnt

they shout for better soup

A woman finds her husband too short

she wants a taller one

A man finds his wife too skinny

he wants a plumper one

A man's shoes pinch

but his neighbour's shoes fit comfortably

A poet runs out of poetry

and desperately gropes for new images

68

For hours an angler casts his line

Why aren't the fish biting

And so they join the revolution

thinking the revolution will give them every-
thing

a fish

a poem

a new pair of shoes

a new wife

a new husband

and the best soup in the world

So they storm all the citadels

and there they are

and everything is just the same

no fish biting

verses botched

shoes pinching

a worn and stinking partner in bed

and the soup burnt

and all that heroism

which drove us down to the sewers

well we can talk about it to our grandchildren

if we have any grandchildren

[*Music changes to a quartet with tragic
flavour.*]

THE FOUR

[*taking up their positions*]

SINGERS:

Marat Marat it's all in vain

You studied the body and probed the brain

In vain you spent your energies

for how can Marat cure his own disease

Marat Marat where is our path

or is it not visible from your bath

Your enemies are closing in

Without you the people can never win

69

Locked him up in the cellar of course
but nothing helped
There was no getting at him

Oh

[*she starts laughing again*]
[*springing forward, in a hurried voice*]
When I bit him he bit back

his own father
Threw himself down when I wanted to hang
him up
and when I spat at him he lay there stiff as a
poker
cold as ice
[*starts to laugh harshly*]
Yes I see you
hated father hated mother

MARAT:

[*The two figures squat down, still shaking with
laughter. They rock to and fro as if sitting in a
boat.*]
What's that boat you're rocking in
I see you
I hear you
Why do you laugh like executioners

[*The two figures sit rocking, their laughter dies.*]
[*approaching the bath*]

SIMONNE:

Jean-Paul you're feverish
Stop writing Jean-Paul
or it'll kill you
Lie still

You must take more care of yourself
I'm not feverish
Now I see clearly

those figures were always hallucinations
Why doesn't Bas come
Fetch him

72

My call to the nation
I must write my call
Bas

SCHOOL-
MASTER:

[*jumping forward*]
When he was five this loudmouth boasted
I can do anything teacher can do
and what's more I know more
and at fifteen I've conquered the uni-v-v-v-
versities

and outdone all the p-p-professors
and at the age of twenty I've mastered
the entire in-in-in-intellectual cosmos
That's what he boasted
as true as I stand here

[*swings his cane*]

SIMONNE

where are my old manuscripts
My novel about the young Count Potovsky
and my book about the chains of slavery

SIMONNE:

[*defensively*]

Leave all that stuff

It'll only bring you trouble

[*raising himself up*]

I want to see them

Look for them

bring them to me

Scribbles of a pickpocket

pilfered thoughts

frivolities tirades

One book published under the name of a count

The other under the name of a prince

Just look at him

this charlatan

greedy for titles and court distinctions

who turned on those he once flattered

73

only because they did not recognise him
 What did he do in England this shady Marat
 Wasn't he a dandy in the highest society
 who had to run away
 because he was caught red-handed embezzling
 and stealing
 Didn't he smuggle himself back into well-
 known circles
 and get himself appointed physician
 to the Count d'Artois
 or was it only to his horses
 Didn't we see him going about with aristocrats
 He charged thirty-six livres for a consultation
 and on top of that enjoyed the favours of
 certain well-born ladies

[COULMIER'S wife and daughter applaud.]

And when at last they let him drop
 back to his kind the simple poor
 and when he spoke and couldn't stop
 each word from branding him a boor
 and when they found he was a quack
 with watered drugs and pills of chalk
 and when they threw him on his back
 He raised his battered head to squawk

Property is Robbery

[cries in the background]

Down with all Tyrants

[the cry is taken up in the background]

Bas fetch Bas

[VOLTAIRE emerges from the darkness, suitably
 masked and with corkscrew curls.]

Bas

[as VOLTAIRE advances]

It is a privilege indeed
 to introduce Voltaire He wrote Candide

VOLTAIRE: [monotonously]

We have received from a certain Marat
 a slim volume
 entitled Man
 This Marat claims in a somewhat revolutionary
 essay

that the soul exists in the walls of the brain
 and from that strategic point controls
 the hypodraulic mechanism of the body
 by means of a network of tinkling nerve threads
 At the same time apparently the soul is
 receiving

messages from the mechanism of the body
 messages conveyed by pistons plugs and wires
 which the soul transforms into consciousness
 through separate

centimetrictrifuges operating asimultaneously
 In other words

it is the opinion of this gentleman
 that a corn fills the corridors of the brain with
 the essence of the soul

and that a troubled soul curdles the liver and
 kidneys

For this kind of ring-a-ring-a-roses

we can spare not even our laughter

[CUCURUCU and ROSSIGNOL laugh ironically
 Ha Ha Ha. A figure with a palm branch moves
 forward.]

HERALD: We're equally happy to welcome today
 that eminent scientist Lavoisier

[points to him]

LAVOISIER: [monotonously]

The Academy has received from a certain
 Marat

some theories concerning fire light and electricity

This Marat seems entirely certain that he knows a great deal better than the Academy

For fire he says is not an element but a liquid fluidum caused by heat which only ignites because of air Light he proceeds to say is not light but a path of vibrating rays left behind by light

Certainly an extraordinary scientist He goes further

Heat according to him is not of course heat but simply more vibratory rays which become heat only when they collide with a body and set in motionability

its miniscule molecules He wants to pronounce the whole of firm and fixed creation invalid

And instead he wants to introduce a universe of unbridled activation in which electrified magnetic forces whizz about and rub against each other No wonder that the author sits there in his bath attempting to determine the validity of the proposition

The more you scratch the more you itch

[KOKOL and POLPOCH laugh ironically] Ha Ha Ha. FATHER and MOTHER join in the laughter. The figures mime the attitude of judges about to give a verdict.]

76

VOLTAIRE: So this frustrated Newton's eyes turned to the streets He thought it best

PRIEST: to join the revolutionaries

SCHOOL-M: and beat his dilettante breast

NEWLY RICH: crying out The oppressed must rise

PRIEST: He meant of course I am oppressed
[Rocking to and fro and laughing the FATHER and MOTHER pull back the cart with the figures. Roux hurries to the front, a belated advocate.]

ROUX: Woe to the man who is different who tries to break down all the barriers Woe to the man

who tries to stretch the imagination of man He shall be mocked he shall be scourged by the blinkered guardians of morality You wanted enlightenment and warmth and so you studied light and heat [unrest in background]

You wondered how forces can be controlled so you studied electricity

You wanted to know what man is for so you asked yourself What is this soul this dump for hollow ideals and mangled morals You decided that the soul is in the brain

[The PATIENTS form into a group and advance.] and that it can learn to think

For to you the soul is a practical thing a tool for ruling and mastering life

And you came one day to the Revolution because you saw the most important vision

That our circumstances must be changed fundamentally

and without these changes everything we try to do must fail

77

[COULMIER jumps up. *The SISTERS and MALE NURSES run towards ROUX and pull him into the background. SADE stands erect in front of his chair and smiles. CORDAY lies sleeping on her bench. DUPERRET sits by her on the floor.*]

CHORUS:

[*to music while the SISTERS sing a litany*]

Marat we're poor and the poor stay poor
Marat don't make us wait any more

We want our rights and we don't care how
We want our Revolution NOW [*music ends*]

HERALD:

[*swinging his rattle*]

The end comes soon Before we watch the crime
let's interpose a drinking thinking time
while you recall that what our cast presents
is simply this a series of events

but that our end which might seem pre-
arranged

could be delayed or even changed

We will since it's a play not actual history
postpone it with an interval We guarantee
that after your refreshments and debating
you'll find Marat still in his bathtub waiting
[*points to MARAT*]

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

[*The handbell is rung behind the curtain. Curtain goes up.*]

27. THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

[*The setting is the same, but with the following changes:*]

DUPERRET sits on the steps leading to SADE's raised chair, between the two PATIENTS representing prostitutes. On the left are seated the PATIENTS who represent the Girondists in the National Assembly.

SADE stands underneath COULMIER's platform. The bath has been removed from MARAT's dais.

On it are the FOUR SINGERS and the PATIENTS who represent the Jacobins. PATIENTS sit on benches alongside the arena. There are more PATIENTS in the background listening. The entire group composes a tableau. The bath, in which MARAT stands, is wheeled in through the door at the back right.

CHORUS in sections:

A drawn-out cat-call.

A long monotonous whistle.

A muffled trampling of feet.

MARAT is pushed in his bath to the centre of the

arena. He stands straight and looks towards the
HERALD.]

HERALD: Marat is still in his bathtub confined
but politicians crowd into his mind
He speaks to them his last polemic fight
to say who should be tribune It is almost night
[He gives the orchestra a sign with his staff.
A flourish. The people in the tableau spring to
life, stamp their feet, whistle and shout.]

KOKOL: Down with Marat
CUCURUCU: Don't let him speak
ROSSIGNOL: Listen to him he's got the right to speak
POLPOCH: Long live Marat
KOKOL: Long live Robespierre
CUCURUCU: Long live Danton
MARAT: [addressing the audience. During his entire speech he
never turns to those present on the stage. It is obvious
that his speech is imaginary.]

Fellow citizens
members of the National Assembly
our country is in danger
From every corner of Europe armies invade us
led by profiteers
who want to strangle us
and already quarrel over the spoils
And what are we doing
[apathetic noises]
Our minister of war
whose integrity you never doubted
has sold the corn meant for our armies
for his own profit to foreign powers
and now it feeds the troops
who are invading us
[Cries and whistles.]

KOKOL: Lies

80

CUCURUCU: Throw him out
MARAT: The chief of our army Dumouriez
ROSSIGNOL: Bravo
POLPOCH: Long live Dumouriez
MARAT: against whom I've warned you continually
and whom you recently hailed as a hero
has gone over to the enemy
Shame
ROSSIGNOL: Bravo
CUCURUCU: Liar
[shuffling of feet]
MARAT: Most of the generals
who wear our uniform
are sympathetic with the emigrés
and when the emigrés return
our generals will be out to welcome them
Execute them
CUCURUCU: Down with Marat
ROSSIGNOL: Bravo
POLPOCH: Long live Marat
MARAT: Our trusted minister of finance
the celebrated Monsieur Cambon
is issuing fake banknotes thus increasing
inflation
and diverting a fortune into his own pocket
[whistles and stamping]
ROSSIGNOL: Long live free enterprise
MARAT: And I am told
that Perreux our most intelligent banker
is in league with the English
and in his armoured vaults
is organising a centre of espionage against us
[jumping up to protest]
That's enough
We're living in eighteen hundred and eight

81

and the names which were dragged through the gutter then have been deservedly rehabilitated by the command of the Emperor

ROSSIGNOL:

Go on

KOKOL:

Shut up Marat

CUCURUCU:

Shut his mouth

POLPOCH:

Long live Marat

MARAT:

[interrupting]

The people can't pay the inflated price of bread
Our soldiers march in rags

The counter-revolution has started a new civil war

and what are we doing

The farms we confiscated from the churches have so far produced nothing

to feed the dispossessed

and years have passed since I proposed these farms

should be divided into allotments

and given farm implements and seed

And why have we seen no communal workshops

which were to be started in the old monasteries and country houses

Those who have jobs

must sweat for agents stockbrokers and speculators

[wild cries]

Fellow citizens

did we fight for the freedom of those

who now exploit us again

Sit down

KOKOL:

Hear hear

CUCURUCU:

Sit down

82

POLPOCH:

Hear hear

MARAT:

Our country is in danger

We talk about France

but who is France for

We talk about freedom

but who's this freedom for

Members of the National Assembly

you will never shake off the past

you'll never understand

the great upheaval in which you find yourselves

[whistles and cries of Boo]

Why aren't there thousands of public seats in this assembly

so anyone who wants

can hear what's being discussed

What is he trying to do

He's trying to rouse the people again

Look who sits on the public benches

Knitting-women concierges and washerwomen

with no one to employ them any more

And who has he got on his side

Pickpockets layabouts parasites

who loiter in the boulevards

[indignation among the onlookers]

and hang around the cafes

Wish we could

CUCURUCU:

Released prisoners

DUPERRET:

escaped lunatics

[tumult and whistling]

Does he want to rule our country

with these

You are liars

MARAT:

You hate the people

[cries of indignation]

ROSSIGNOL:

Well done Marat

83

POLPOCH: That's true
 MARAT: You'll never stop talking of the people as a rough and formless mass
 Why
 Because you live apart from them
 You let yourselves be dragged into the Revolution
 knowing nothing about its principles
 Has not our respected Danton himself announced
 that instead of banning riches
 we should try
 to make poverty respectable
 And Robespierre
 who turns white when the word force is used
 doesn't he sit at high-class tables
 making cultural conversation
 by candlelight
[tongue clicking]
 Shame
 Down with Robespierre
 Long live Marat
 Down with Danton
 And you still long to ape them
 those powdered chimpanzees
 Necker Lafayette Talleyrand
[interrupting]
 That's enough
 If you use any more of these passages
 we agreed to cut
 I will stop your play
[breaking in]
 and all the rest of them
 What we need now is a true deputy of the people

84

one who's incorruptible
 one we can trust
 Things are breaking down things are chaotic
 that is good
 that's the first step
 Now we must take the next step
 and choose a man
 who will rule for you
 Marat for dictator
 Marat in his bathtub
 Send him down the sewers
 Dictator of the rats
 Dictator The word must be abolished
 I hate anything to do with masters and slaves
 I am talking about a leader
 who in this hour of crisis
[his words are drowned in the mighty tumult]
 He's trying to incite them
 to new murders
 We do not murder
 we kill in self-defence
 We are fighting
 for our lives
 DUPERRET: Oh if only we could have constructive thought instead of agitation
 If only beauty and concord could once more replace
 hysteria and fanaticism
[The FOUR SINGERS throw themselves on DUPERRET and stop his mouth.]
 Roux: *[jumping up in the background]*
 Look what's happening
 Join together
 Cast down your enemies
 disarm them

85

For if they win
they will spare
not one of you
and all that you have won so far
will be lost

[*Enthusiastic calls, whistles and trampling.*]

[*in spoken chorus, simultaneously*]

Marat Marat Marat Marat

Boo

A laurel wreath for Marat

Down with Marat

A victory parade for Marat

Down with him

Long live the streets

Long live the lamp-posts

Long live the bakers' shops

Long live freedom

[*Disorder and screams. The PATIENTS tumble forward. MARAT's bath is pushed on to the platform right.*]

[*dancing*]

Hit at the rich until they crash

Throw down their god and divide their cash

[*dancing*]

We wouldn't mind a tasty meal
of paté de foie and filleted eel

Marat Marat Marat Marat Marat

[*SADE raises his hands. They all freeze.*]

Roll of drums and beginning of music.]

28. POOR MARAT IN YOUR BATHTUB SEAT

[*MARAT sinks back into his bath. Exhausted, he leans forward on the board.*]

The spectators' benches are pushed back, the

SISTERS and NURSES force back the PATIENTS.
In front of the arena the FOUR SINGERS dance a slow Carmagnole.]

FOUR

[*accompanied, singing and dancing*]

Poor Marat in your bathtub seat

your life on this planet is near complete

Closer and closer to you death creeps

though there on her bench Charlotte Corday
sleeps

Poor Marat if she slept too late
while dreaming of fairy-tale heads of state
maybe your sickness would disappear
Charlotte Corday would not find you here

Poor Marat stay wide awake
and be on your guard for the people's sake
Stare through the failing evening light
for this is the evening before the night

[*Drums. In the background order has been restored after a fashion. The patients should be standing upright, their hands crossed above their heads. SISTERS are standing before them, folding their hands and praying. The murmur of prayers can be heard. The FOUR SINGERS dance on a while and then stretch themselves out on the arena before MARAT's bath.*]

MARAT:

[*with fear in his voice*]

What is that knocking Simonne

[*tyrannic again*]

Simonne

more cold water

[*SIMONNE sits huddled up at the edge of the platform and doesn't react.*]

Simonne

Where is Bas
Give up Marat
You said yourself
nothing can be achieved by scribbling
Long ago I abandoned my masterpiece
a roll of paper thirty yards long
which I filled completely with minute hand-
writing

in my dungeon years ago
It vanished when the Bastille fell
it vanished as everything written
everything thought and planned
will disappear

[MARAT lies with his face on the board and
covers his ears with his hands.]

[continues]

Marat

Look at me

Marat can you call this living
in your bath
in your mortification

[By order of the SISTERS the PATIENTS change
their position and stretch up their hands.]

[raising himself up]

I had time for nothing but work
Day and night were not enough for me
When I investigated a wrong it grew branches
and every branch grew twigs
Wherever I turned
I found corruption

[A PATIENT falls over in the ranks. A NURSE
carries him off.]

When I wrote
I always wrote with action in mind
kept sight of the fact

that writing was just a preparation
When I wrote
I always wrote in a fever
hearing the roar of action
When I was preparing
my book on the chains of slavery
I sat for three months
twenty-one hours a day
collecting material dreaming of material
paper piling high parchment crackling
until I sank into the swamps of overwork
That manuscript was suppressed
They were always ready
to pick up my statements
to slander them main them
After each pamphlet was published
I had to go into hiding
They came with cannons
A thousand men of the National Guard
surrounded my house
And even today
I still wait for the knocking at the door
wait
for the bayonet to point at my breast
Simonne
Simonne
Fetch Bas
so that I can dictate my call
my fourteenth of July call
Why all these calls to the nation
It's too late Marat
forget your call
it contains only lies
What do you still want from the revolution
Where is it going

SADE:

Look at these lost revolutionaries

[*Pointing to the FOUR SINGERS who lie stretched out on the floor, scratching themselves, yawning and trying to get the last drop out of the empty bottle.*]

What will you order them to do
Where will you lead them

[*In the background the PATIENTS, on the SISTERS' command, must stand on one leg.*]

Once you attacked the authorities who turned
the law into instruments of oppression
But Marat how will you fare in the new re-
arranged France you yearn for
Do you want someone to rule you
to control the words you write
and tell you
what work you must do
and repeat to you the new laws
over and over
until you can recite them in your sleep

[*The PATIENTS in the background walk in a circle while the SISTERS pray. The FOUR SINGERS begin to hum unconcernedly, lying at first on the floor with legs waving in the air. Then ROSSIGNOL and CUCURUCU get up and dance to the hummed melody.*]

MARAT:

[*falling across the board again*]

Why is everything so confused now
Everything I wrote or spoke
was considered and true
each argument was sound
And now
doubt
Why does everything sound false

THE FOUR [singing and dancing]

SINGERS: Poor old Marat you lie prostrate
While others are gambling with France's fate
Your words have turned into a flood
which covers all France with her people's
blood

[*Music ends. The FOUR SINGERS dance back to the centre of the stage. The PATIENTS are led to their platform. The SISTERS try to wake CORDAY. Loud knocking three times.*]

29. PREPARATIONS FOR THE THIRD VISIT

HERALD: Corday
wake up

[*Pause. The name CORDAY is whispered in the background. The whispering swells up and spreads over the whole stage. The SISTERS shake CORDAY, DUPERRET calls her name. SIMONNE stands awkwardly by the bath and gazes across at CORDAY.*]

CHORUS: Corday
Corday
Corday

HERALD: [signals to the orchestra with his staff]

Corday you have an appointment to keep
and there is no more time for sleep
Charlotte Corday awake and stand
Take the dagger in your hand

[*Pause. The SISTERS raise CORDAY to her feet. CORDAY stands with lowered head and wobbly legs. The SISTERS support her and lead her slowly forward. Her legs drag along the floor. DUPERRET walks behind her with his hands around her hips.*]

HERALD:

Come on Charlotte do your deed
soon you'll get all the sleep you need

[CORDAY is pushed into the arena. The two

SISTERS stand at her side holding her firmly.

DUPERRET, standing behind her, supports her
back. *Music ends.*]

CORDAY:

[her eyes still closed, speaking softly, nervously]

Now I know what it is like

when the head is cut off the body

Oh this moment

hands tied behind the back

feet bound together

neck bared

hair cut off

knees on the boards

the head already laid

in the metal slot

looking down into the dripping basket

The sound of the blade rising

and from its slanting edge

the blood still drops

and then the downward slide

to split us in two

[*pause*]

They say

that the head

held high in the executioner's hand

still lives

that the eyes still see

that the tongue still writhes

and down below the arms and legs still shudder

[*accompanied by lute. He is still holding his hand on
her hip.*]

DUPERRET:

Charlotte awaken from your nightmare

Wake up Charlotte and look at the trees

92

look at the rose-coloured evening sky
in which your lovely bosom heaves

Forget your worries abandon each care

and breathe in the warmth of the summer-time air

[*Pause. He lifts his hand and strokes her on the
bosom. He notices the dagger under the cloth.*]

What are you hiding

A dagger

throw it away

[*the music ends*]

[*pushes his hand away*]

We should all carry weapons nowadays

in self-defence

[*beseechingly*]

No one will attack you Charlotte

Charlotte throw the dagger away

go away

go back to Caen

[*drawing herself up and pushing the SISTERS' hands
away*]

In my room in Caen

on the table under the open window

lies open The Book of Judith

Dressed in her legendary beauty

she entered the tent of the enemy

and with a single blow

slew him

Charlotte

what are you planning

[*forlorn again*]

Look at this city

Its prisons are crowded

with our friends

I was among them just now

in my sleep

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They all stand huddled together there
and hear through the windows
the guards talking about executions
Now they talk of people as gardeners talk of
leaves for burning
Their names are crossed off the top of a list
and as the list grows shorter
more names are added at the bottom
I stood with them
and we waited
for our own names to be called
Charlotte
let us leave together
this very evening
[*as if she has not heard him*]
What kind of town is this
What sort of streets are these
Who invented this
who profits by it
I saw peddlers
at every corner
they're selling little guillotines
with tiny sharp blades
and dolls filled with red liquid
which spurts from the neck
when the sentence is carried out
What kind of children are these
who can play
with this toy so efficiently
and who is judging
who is judging
[*PATIENTS move to a group at centre. CORDAY
raises her hand to knock.*]

30. CORDAY'S THIRD AND LAST VISIT

[*The HERALD knocks three times on the floor
with his staff while CORDAY carries out the
knocking movement with her hand.
MARAT starts up and looks in CORDAY's
direction.*]

SIMONNE *places herself protectively in front of
the bath.*

DUPERRET: What do you want at this door
Do you know who lives here

CORDAY: The man
for whose sake I have come here

DUPERRET: What do you want from him
Turn back Charlotte
[*goes on his knees before her*]

CORDAY: I have a task
which I must carry out
Go
[*pushes him with her foot*]
leave me alone

[*DUPERRET embraces her legs. She kicks out at
him several times. DUPERRET moves back on
his knees.*]

HERALD: Now for the third time you observe
the girl whose job it is to serve
[*points to CORDAY*]

as Charlotte Corday stands once more
waiting outside Marat's door
Duperret you see before her languish
[*points to DUPERRET*]
prostrated by their parting's anguish
[*raising a forefinger*]
For what has happened cannot be undone

although that might be wished by everyone
[*pointing to CORDAY*]

We tried restraining her with peaceful sleep
and with the claims of a passion still more deep
Simonne as well as best she could she tried

[*pointing to SIMONNE*]

but this girl here

[*points to CORDAY*]

would not be turned aside

That man is now forgotten and we can

[*points to DUFRERET who moves backwards on his knees from the dais*]

do nothing more Corday is focussed on this man

[*points to MARAT*]

No

[*raising himself high*]

I am right

and I will say it once more

Simonne

where is Bas

It is urgent

my call

[*SIMONNE moves aside, stops still and stares
bewitched at CORDAY.*]

[*approaches the bath*]

Marat

what are all your pamphlets and speeches
compared with her

she stands there and will come to you
to kiss you and embrace you

Marat

an untouched virgin stands before you and
offers herself to you

See how she smiles

[*CORDAY stands erect and smiling, throwing*

96

*her hair aside. She has her hand on the neckcloth
in the place where the dagger is hidden.]*

how her teeth shine

how she shakes her auburn hair aside

Marat

forget the rest

there's nothing else

beyond the body

Look

she stands there

her breast naked under the thin cloth

and perhaps she carries a knife

to intensify the love-play

[*CORDAY moves a step closer to the bath,
swaying lightly. SIMONNE stands frozen,
mechanically wringing the cloth in her hands.*]

Simonne Simonne

who was knocking at the door

A maiden

from the rural desert of a convent

Imagine

those pure girls lying on hard floors

in rough shifts

and the heated air from the fields

forcing its way to them through the barred
windows

Imagine

them lying there

with moist thighs and breasts

dreaming of those

who control life in the outside world

[*The FOUR SINGERS come forward and begin
a copulation mime.*]

ROSSIGNOL mounts the strongest of her
companions and performs acrobatics with them.]

97

SADE:

[to musical accompaniment]

And then she was tired of her isolation
and stirred up by the new age
and gathered up in the great tide
and wanted to be part of the Revolution
And what's the point of a revolution
without general copulation
And what's the point of a revolution
without general

CHORUS:

copulation copulation copulation

[continues as a round. Mime ends.]

SADE:

Marat

as I sat there in the Bastille

for thirteen long years

I learned

that this is a world of bodies

each body pulsing with a terrible power

each body alone and racked with its own unrest

In that loneliness

marooned in a stone sea

I heard lips whispering continually

and felt all the time

in the palms of my hands and in my skin

touching and stroking

Shut behind thirteen bolted doors

my feet fettered

I dreamed only

of the orifices of the body

put there

so one may hook and twine oneself in them

[A PATIENT comes forward on tip-toe and stops

behind the arena, listening tensely. Other

PATIENTS follow.]

Continually I dreamed of this confrontation

and it was a dream of the most savage jealous

and cruellest imagining

Marat

these cells of the inner self

are worse than the deepest stone dungeon

and as long as they are locked

all your revolution remains

only a prison mutiny

to be put down

by corrupted fellow-prisoners

[repeating with musical accompaniment]

And what's the point of a revolution

without general copulation

[Music ends.]

CORDAY:

[to SIMONNE. Lute accompaniment.]

Have you given my letter to Marat

Let me in it is vital

I must tell him what's happening in Caen

where they are gathering to destroy him

Who's at the door

The girl from Caen

Let her come in

MARAT:

SIMONNE:

MARAT:

[SIMONNE stands aside, shaking her head

vigorously. She squats down at the edge of the

dais behind the bath and hides her head in her

hands. CORDAY moves towards the bath,

swaying and smiling. Her hand still rests on her

neckcloth. SADE leaves the arena and goes to his

dais, where he remains, standing, watching

tensely.]

[softly]

Marat

I will tell you the names of my heroes

but I am not betraying them

for I am speaking to a dead man

[raising himself up]

CORDAY:

MARAT:

Speak more clearly
I can't understand you
Come closer

CORDAY: *[coming closer to the bath with a fixed smile, her body slowly swaying. She pushes a hand under her neckcloth.]*

I name you names
Marat

the names of those
who have gathered at Caen
[falling into a sing-song]

I name Barbaroux
and Buzot
and Pétion
and Louvet

[as she speaks the names, her face is distorted increasingly by an expression of hate and lust]
and Brissot

and Vergniaud
and Guadet
and Gensonné
Who are you
Come closer

[MARAT raises himself up high. The cloth falls from his shoulders. CORDAY moves closer to him, swaying. Her left hand is stretched out as if to caress. In the right hand she holds the dagger under the neckcloth.]

CORDAY: *[humming words which sound like caresses]*
I am coming Marat
You cannot see me Marat
because you are dead

MARAT: *[crying out, raising himself up high, half-naked]*
Bas
Take this down

Saturday the thirteenth of July seventeen
hundred and ninety three
A call to the people of France

[CORDAY stands immediately before MARAT. She moves her left hand close to his skin over his chest, his shoulders, his neck. MARAT sits arched over the back of the bath, a pen still in his hand. CORDAY pulls the dagger from her neckcloth. She holds it with both hands and raises her arms high to strike.]

The HERALD blows shrilly on his whistle. All players remain unmoving in their positions. CORDAY sinks back into herself. MARAT sits quietly, leaning forward.]

31. INTERRUPTUS

HERALD: Now it's a part of Sade's dramatic plan to interrupt the climax so this man Marat can hear and gasp with his last breath at how the world will go after his death
With a musical history we'll bring him up to date

From seventeen-ninety-three to eighteen-eight
[Music starts with very quick military march. The FOUR SINGERS sing and perform grotesquely in time to the music. The HERALD displays banners showing the date of the events as they are described.]

FOUR Now your enemies fall *
SINGERS: We're beheading them all *[1793]*
Duperret
and Corday
executed in the same old way

* A literal verse translation of this section appears on page 108

Robespierre has to get on [1794]

he gets rid of Danton

That was spring

comes July

and old Robespierre has to die

Three rebellions a year [1795]

but we're still of good cheer

Malcontents

all have been

taught their lesson by the guillotine

There's a shortage of wheat [1796]

We're too happy to eat

Austria

cracks and then

she surrenders to our men

Fifteen glorious years

Fifteen glorious years

Years of peace

years of war

each year greater

than the year before

Marat

we're marching on

What brave soldiers we've got [1797]

Now the traitors are shot

Generals

boldly take

power in Paris

for the people's sake

Egypt's beaten down flat [1798]

Bonaparte did that

Cheer him as

they retreat

even though we lose our fleet

Bonaparte comes back [1799]

gives our rulers the sack

He's the man [1800]

brave and true

Bonaparte would die for you

Europe's free of her chains [1801]

Only England remains

but we want [1802]

Wars to cease

so there's fourteen months of peace

[PATIENTS join in, marching on the spot]

Fifteen glorious years

Fifteen glorious years

Years of peace

years of war

each year greater

than the year before

Marat

we're marching on

England must be insane [1803]

wants to fight us again

so we march

off to war

Bonaparte is our Emperor [1804]

Nelson bothers our fleet

but he's shot off his feet

We're on top

yes we are

and we spit on Trafalgar

Now the Prussians retreat [1806]

Russia faces defeat [1807]

All the world

bends its knee

to Napoleon

and his family

Fight on land and on sea [1808]

All men want to be free

If they don't

never mind

we'll abolish all mankind

Fifteen glorious years

Fifteen glorious years

Years of peace

years of war

each year greater

than the one before

Marat

we're marching on

behind Napoleon

32. THE MURDER

[The HERALD makes a sign with his staff.]

The murder

[CORDAY, suddenly wide awake, raises her

arms up and brings the dagger violently down in

MARAT's breast.

PATIENTS let out one single scream.

SADE stands leaning forward, triumphant,

shaken by silent laughter.

All stand around the bath in a tableau com-

posed as follows: MARAT hangs, as in David's

famous picture, with his right arm over the edge

of the bath. In his right hand he holds a pen, in

his left his papers. CORDAY is still clasp- ing the

dagger. The FOUR SINGERS have seized her

from behind and forced back her arms until her

neckcloth bursts open showing her breast.

SIMONNE bends over the bath with an expression

of horror. DUPERRET is on his knees. ROUX
stands bolt upright on a bench behind the bath.]

33. EPILOGUE

[The ORCHESTRA starts to play cere-
monious music. The SISTERS come forward and
take charge of CORDAY, who now sinks back
into herself. They replace the neckcloth and lead
her towards SADE.]

CORDAY gives the dagger to SADE.

SISTERS hold a large white sheet in front of the
bath. Behind it MARAT gets out of the bath.

The HERALD comes forward and raises his
staff.

The music ends.

HERALD: Enlightened ladies pious gentlemen

let's close the history book and then

return to eighteen-eight the present day

of which though not unclouded we may say

it promises that mankind soon will cease

to fear the storms of war the squalls of peace

Before you go out into the street

let us now just briefly repeat

what we have all been trying to say

in the words and music of our play

So we will now call back to life

the man who just died by the knife

[The sheet is lowered. MARAT comes forward.]

MARAT: We have only one single life on earth

so what I'll say has little worth

In my only life I had to make

my choice about which path to take

The world I saw around me then

was ruled by one small group of men

They were the few who held the money-bags

while all the others went about in rags
 So I decided that my only course
 must be to smash their laws by force
 pull down the men who sat there tight
 pretending that they ruled by right
 and saying that equality was an illusion
 the fight for profit must go on
 As a corpse I'm not much use to you
 but all the things I taught were true
 and others now will carry on
 the fight that I Marat begun
 until one day the hour will strike
 when men will share and share alike
[advancing quickly]

ROUX:

If I were still alive I'd say beware
 of this young woman here
[Joining to CORDAY]
 For time and again we are forced to pay
 for those who choose the idealist's way
 who talk of purity and spiritual aims
 while playing the oppressors' games
 More dangerous than those with all their
 wealth

is this girl here for she works by stealth
 In some we can easily recognise our foe
 but what she is after we can never know
*[At a sign from COULMIER, SISTERS and
 NURSES run towards ROUX and drag him off.]*

HERALD:

[turning to SADE]
 Now tell us please Monsieur de Sade
 what you have achieved with this charade
 Has this drama in our bath hall
 elucidated anything at all

SADE:
 Our play's chief aim has been to take to bits
 great propositions and their opposites

see how they work then let them fight it out
 The point Some light on our eternal doubt
 I have twisted and turned them every way
 and find no ending to our play
 Marat and I both advocated force
 but in debate each took a different course
 Each wanted changes but his views and mine
 on using power never can combine
 On the one side he who thinks our lives
 can be improved with axes and knives
 Or the one who'd submerge in his imagination
 seeking a personal annihilation

So for me the last word can never be spoken
 I am left with a question that is always open
 But today we live in far different times
 We have no oppressors no violent crimes
 We are well on the way to achieving our goal
 There's bread in plenty and there's also coal
 And although we're at war anyone can see
 it can only end in victory

*[The ORCHESTRA begins to play the final
 march. The PATIENTS start to mark time.]*

FOUR
 SINGERS:
 And if most have a little and few have a lot
 you can see how much nearer our goal we have
 got

We can say what we like without favour or fear
 and what we can't say we can breathe in your
 ear

ALL:
[marking time as the music grows louder]
 And though we're locked up we're no longer
 enslaved

and the honour of France is eternally saved
 The useless debate the political brawl
 are over There's one man to speak for us all
 For he helps us in sickness and destitution

He's the leader who ended the Revolution
and everyone knows why we're cheering for
Napoleon our mighty Emperor

[A banner bearing an idealised portrait of
Napoleon is let down. The music increases in
volume. The column of PATIENTS begins to
march forward. SISTERS and NURSES try to
restrain it. Several times the column takes four
paces forward and three paces back. The music
and marching rhythm grow in power.]

COULMIER moves anxiously to the side, gesticu-
lating.]

ALL: Led by him our soldiers go
over deserts and through the snow
A victory here and a victory there
Invincible glorious always victorious
for the good of all people everywhere

[The column advances still further, stamping
some paces forward and some back.]

COULMIER: [shouting through the tumult]
Long live the Emperor and the nation
Long live our clinic
Charenton

ALL: [in confused but rhythmic shouts in time to the
marching]

Charenton Charenton
Napoleon Napoleon
Nation Nation
Revolution Revolution
Copulation Copulation
[shouting through the noise]

Roux: When will you learn to see

[Music, shouting and stamping increase to a
hurricane. COULMIER rushes to his tribunal and
sounds an alarm bell. The NURSES go among

the patients wielding their batons. ROUX
hurries forward.]

[to the patients and the audience]

When will you learn to see
When will you ever understand

[ROUX throws himself backwards against the
marchers, trying to force them back. But he is
drawn in and vanishes from sight in the still
advancing ranks. The PATIENTS are fully at the
mercy of their mad marchlike dance. Many of
them hop and spin in ecstasy.]

COULMIER incites the NURSES to extreme
violence. PATIENTS are struck down.

The HERALD is now in front of the orchestra,
leaping about in time to the music.

SADE stands upright on his chair, laughing
triumphantly.

In desperation COULMIER gives the signal to
close the curtain.]

CURTAIN

*LITERAL VERSE TRANSLATION
OF THE ORIGINAL TEXT **

In the Vendée the battle rages
with deeds both cruel and courageous
between our men and the king's supporters
and we drive them from their quarters
With flying banners we march along
an avenging army with fire and song
called Regiment Marat in your renown
and with it we mow our enemies down
Marat the things you bade us do
we now with all our strength put through
Our foes lie beaten in the sand
or take their lives with their own hand
And with cannon and horse we march along
and storm the counter-revolutionary throng
in Lyon where for example's sake
we send three thousand to the stake
And now through Nantes our army passes
where we drown citizens in masses
and every house where a rebel is found
we raze relentlessly to the ground
And at last with flying banners we come
to the traitor city of Toulon
and with us is one whose star is ascending
who can lead us on to victories unending
You see Marat how we advance

* page 101

110

and now we begin to thin our own ranks
Just as you told us so must above all
the weak and incapable go to the wall
Robespierre puts Danton to the axe
and sends in his wake with all despatch
many of our old confederates
on whom in our ignorance we'd based our hopes
Marat we cannot believe it's true
what our new bosses start to do
Beside the nobles we see in the carts
Jacobins who were once dear to our hearts
and the axe treats them all regardless of name
and when they are corpses they look all the same
Marat we can only stand and gape
at the curious moods of fate
Now we see Robespierre bound and trussed
and already his head has rolled in the dust
Marat how does this all fit together
that the one lot always condemns the other
Tell us Marat must it be so
that someone above for the sake of show
must always direct and always lead
and in the doing it forfeit his head
Marat to comfort you we can say
whom we now have with us today
Napoleon Bonaparte now stands there
like you comes from Corsica or Sardinia
and he has promised us peace eternal
and gives us work in the arsenal
and in honour of the revolution
he calls himself emperor Napoleon
It is we can tell you a feast for the eye
and with rumbling bellies we watch it go by
We just stand and stare
and the holy men bless us in prayer

111

AUTHOR'S NOTE ON THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND TO THE PLAY

Even before his confinement in the stronghold of Vincennes and the Paris Bastille Sade had produced plays in his residence La Coste. During the thirteen years of his imprisonment, between the ages of 33 and 46, he wrote seventeen plays in addition to his large prose works. In later years he brought out a further dozen tragedies, comedies, operas, pantomimes and one-acters in verse. Out of all these pieces only one, *Oxstern ou les malheurs du libertinage*, was performed in a public theatre during his years of liberty 1790-1801—and taken off at once after a scandal.

From 1801 until his death in 1814 Sade was interned in the asylum of Charenton, where over a period of years he had the chance of producing plays among the patients and appearing as an actor himself. Charenton (to follow J. L. Casper's description in his *Charakteristik der französischen Medizin*, published in 1822 in Leipzig) was an institution which catered for all whose behaviour had made them socially impossible, whether they were lunatics or not. Here were locked up 'perpetrators of crimes whose handling in open court would not be in the public interest, as well as others who had been arrested for serious political misdemeanours or who had allowed themselves to be used as the evil tools of high intrigues'.

In exclusive Paris circles it was considered a rare pleasure to attend Sade's theatrical performances in the 'hiding-place for the moral rejects of civilised society'. It is of course probable

that these amateur performances consisted in the main of declamatory pieces in the prevailing style: the bulk of Sade's dramatic work does not reach up to the boldness and consistency of his prose. But in his *Dialogue entre un prêtre et un moribund* and above all in *La philosophie dans le boudoir* there are analytical and philosophical conversations, carried out against a background of bodily excess, which clearly show his dramatic perception. His visual mode of thought is also seen again and again in the exceptionally realistic descriptive passages of the novels.

Sade's encounter with Marat, which is the subject of this play, is entirely imaginary, based only on the single fact that it was Sade who spoke the memorial address at Marat's funeral. Even in this speech his real attitude towards Marat is questionable, since he made the speech primarily to save his own skin; at that time his position was in danger, his name on the list of those marked out for the guillotine.

What interests me in bringing together Sade and Marat is the conflict between an individualism carried to extreme lengths and the idea of a political and social upheaval. Even Sade knew the Revolution to be necessary: his works are one single attack on a corrupt ruling class. He flinched however from the violent methods of the progressives and, like the modern advocate of a third approach, fell between two stools. He did indeed, on his release from prison in 1790, place himself at the service of the National Assembly and became an official in the *Section des Piques*, where he was put in charge of hospitals. He was even made a judge. But the long years of imprisonment had left their mark on him: he remained an outsider and found contact with his fellow men difficult.

His claim that he had suffered at the hands of the old regime cannot be taken as evidence of heroism, since his imprisonment was due to charges of sexual extravagance and not to political acts. These excesses, in monstrous written form, were once again to cause his downfall under the new regime.

Sade's own picture of himself as a rebel can be seen in a letter written from prison to his wife in 1783, in which he says:

'You say that one cannot approve my mode of thought. What does that signify? Anyone who imagines he can prescribe a mode of thought to another must be quite out of his senses. My mode of thought is the result of my own reflections, it is a part of my life, of my own nature. It is not in my power to alter it, and if it were in my power I should not do it. This mode of thought which you condemn is the only comfort of my life: it relieves all my sufferings in prison, it provides all my pleasure in this world; it means more to me than my own life. It is not my mode of thought that has caused my misfortunes, but the mode of thought of others.'

It is difficult to imagine Sade in the role of a worker for the common good. He felt himself obliged to adopt a double-faced attitude. On the one hand he approved Marat's radical arguments, on the other he saw the dangers of totalitarianism. His views on the fair division of worldly goods did not go to the length that he could contemplate giving up his own house and property, and he did not submit tamely when forced to give up La Coste after it had been plundered and burnt.

Sade's plays represent his last attempt to communicate with his fellow beings, but with advancing age he relapsed entirely into solitariness. A doctor at Charenton wrote, 'I frequently encountered him as he walked alone, with heavy dragging steps, very negligently dressed, through the corridors near his home. I never saw him speak with anybody. I would greet him as I passed by and he would return my greeting with a cold politeness that precluded any thought of conversation.'

If the idea of bringing Sade into contact with Marat in his final hour is my own invention, the picture of Marat at this time accords with fact. The psychosomatic skin disease from which he suffered in the last years of his life—a legacy of privation in the cellars in which he hid—forced him to spend many hours in the bath in order to soothe his itching. And here

he was on Saturday, 13 July 1793, when Charlotte Corday came three times to his door before she gained entry and stabbed him.

Marat's words in the play correspond in content and often almost exactly in expression with the writings he left behind. What is said about the various phases of his life is also authentic. He left home at the age of sixteen, studied medicine, lived for some years in England, was renowned as a physician, misunderstood as a scientist, won social honours. Subsequently, however, after subjecting society to the shafts of his criticism, he placed himself entirely in the service of the Revolution and, on account of his violent and uncompromising character, was made the scapegoat for many acts of cruelty.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that writers like Rosbroy, Bax and Gottschalk began to revise the usual one-sided view of Marat and to draw attention to the acuteness of his political and scientific arguments. Scarcely any other personality of the French Revolution has been depicted in so revolting and bloodthirsty a light by the bourgeois historians of the nineteenth century as Marat. This is not really surprising, since his ideas lead in a direct line to Marxism, though they also come perilously near to the idea of dictatorship, even when he himself protested, 'Dictator: the word must be abolished. I hate anything to do with masters and slaves.'

From our vantage point today we must bear in mind that Marat was one of those who were in the process of building the socialist image, and that much in his ideas of change by forceful means was still undigested or overreached itself. Beside him in the play I have placed the former priest Jacques Roux, who surpassed Marat in his rabble-rousing and passionate pacifism. I have ignored the fact that Marat in the last days of his life turned away from Roux and, perhaps in an attack of persecution mania, disowned him. Roux, one of the most fascinating personalities of the Revolution, is here given the function of a

champion and perfectionist, an *alter ego* against whom Marat's ideas can be measured.

I have also taken liberties in the portrayal of Duperret, the Girondist deputy. Here he is shown as the conservative patriot, one of many thousands of similar sort. He is also pressed into service as Charlotte Corday's lover, a role held in reality by a M. Tournelis, who left Caen to join the royalist refugees in Koblenz. In leaving him out of account I have acted entirely in the spirit of the Revolution itself, in the confusion of which no one was very exact in the matter of accusations and recriminations: poor Duperret himself, for instance, to whom Charlotte Corday has been recommended by the rebel group in Caen, had to pay for their brief encounter with his head.

Charlotte Corday had in fact let nobody into her secret. Schooled by convent life in the art of ecstatic withdrawal, she went her way alone and, with thoughts of Joan of Arc and the biblical Judith in mind, made a saint out of herself.

PETER WEISS

MUSIC COMPOSED SPECIALLY FOR THE FIRST
BRITISH PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY AT THE
ALDWYCH THEATRE, LONDON

by
R. C. PEASLEE

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HOMAGE TO MARAT

Lively ♩ = 120-128

Four Years Af-ter the Re-vol-u-tion and the Old King's Ex-e-cu-tion

Four Years Af-ter the Re-mem-ber how those Court-i-ers took their Fi-nal Bow

STAND UP EV'RY-ONE A-RIS-TO-CRAT

OUT WITH THE PRIESTS LET THEM LIVE ON THEIR FAT

MARAT WE'RE POOR

BROAD ♩ = 84-88

MA-RAT WE'RE POOR — AND THE POOR STAY POOR — MAR-RAT DON'T

MAKE — US WAIT AN-Y-MORE GIVE US OUR RIGHTS AND WE DON'T CARE

HOW — WE WANT — OUR RE-VOL-U-TION NOW

CORDAY WALTZ

Moderately ♩ = 140

ONE BUT — OF US SAW THE WORLD — MUST GO — AND

CHANGE AS WE READ — IN ORIENT — ROUS-SEAU BUT CHANGE MEANT

ONE THING TO YOU — I SEE — AND SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT TO

ME — THE VERY SAME WORDS — WE BOTH — HAVE

SAID — TO GIVE OUR I — DEALS — WINGS TO SPREAD — BUT

MY WAY WAS TRUE — WHILE FOR YOU — THE HIGH-WAY LEAD

O — VEA MOUN-TAINS OF DEAD

SUBS NEW YORK OF COMPANY'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS

(CHARLOTTE CORDAY)

Gay. b. 176-180

CHAR-LOTTE CON - DAY CAME TO OUR TOWN HEARD THE PEOPLE TALK-ING
F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P) F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P)
F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P) F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P)

SAW THE BAN-NEYS WAVE WERN-I-I-NESS HAD AL-MOST DROGGED HER DOWN -
F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P) F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P)

WERN-I-I-NESS HAD DROGGED HER DOWN -
F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P) F MAY. 20 MAY. (GAIN P)

THE TUMBLER SONG

V.608885
HEAVY .1 = 100 - 104

Don't sell your party little shoes — the gut — ter's deep and
Red — climb up climb up and take a ride with me — the tum-brel driv-er
said — but she nev-er said a word — nev-er turned her
head —

THE PEOPLES REACTION

FAST MARCH - 1 = 128

Dm Em F#m Em
 WHY HAVE THEY GOT THE CASH WHY HAVE THEY GOT THE POW-ER
 Dm G#mz.
 WHY — HAVE THEY GOT THE FRIENDS AT THE TOP —
 Dm G#mz.
 JOBS AT THE TOP — G#mz. Dm
 WE'VE GOT NOTHING — ALWAYS TWO NOTHING —
 Dm G#mz.
 NOTHING BUT HOLES AND MILLIONS OF THEM
 Bbmz. Gm Em Dm
 DYING IN HOLES — HOLES IN OUR BELTIES AND HOLES IN OUR CLOTHES
 Bbmz Bbm Ebmz.
 AND — DAY AFTER DAY — ETC.

THOSE FIVE MONKEYS

091-951-17 478817

(THOSE FAT MONKEYS)

WE'RE UP TO OUR NOSES IN CRAP

POOR OLD MARAT

ALLEGRETTO 1/2 = 132

POOR OLD MARAT THEY HUNT YOU DOWN THE BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE SHAF-FINE ALL

OVER THE TOWN - JUST YES-TER-DAY - YOUR PRINTING PRESS WAS

SHAKED NOW THEY'RE RIN-ING YOUR HOME - AD-DRESS -

POOR - OLD MA-RAT THEY HUNT YOU DOWN - THE

BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE SHAF - FINE ALL OV - EN THE TOWN -

POOR OLD MA-RAT WE TRAIT IN YOU -

ONE DAY IT WILL COME TO PASS

ONE DAY IT WILL COME TO PASS MAN WILL LIVE IN HAR-MO-NY

WITH HIM-SELF AND WITH HIS FEL - LOW MAN

POOR MARAT IN YOUR BATHING SENS

ALLEGRETTO 1/2 = 100 - 104

POOR MA-RAT IN YOUR BATH-TUB SEAT YOUR LIFE ON THIS PLAN-ET IS

NEAR COM-PLITE CLOS-ER AND CLOS-ER TO YOU DEATH CREEPS THOUGH

THERE ON HER BENCH CHAR-LIE COR-DAY SLEEPS

CORRUPTION ROUND

GAY 1/2 = 120 - 128

AND WHERE THE POINT OF A REV-O-LU-TION WITH - OUT GEN-ER-AL

GEN-ER-AL COP-U-LA-TION COP-U-LA-TION COP-U-LA-TION

